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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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THE WAR IS DECLARED OFF

For the Present at Least Between Japan and Russia.

THE WAR SCARE WAS OVERDRAWN

Japan Has Not Landed Troops—Situation Not Considered Serious.

From reports early this week it was thought that war was almost certain between Japan and Russia but now it looks as though the war clouds had about blown over and that peace would reign.

As will be seen by the following dispatches the differences between those nations over the Manchuria controversy has been greatly enlarged upon by the war correspondents.

YOKOHOMA, Oct. 13.—All reports emanating from Shanghai of the opening of hostilities between Japan and Russia, may be dismissed as absurd. Russia-Japanese affairs are marking time. The second secretary of the Russian legation left Tokio October 12, with secret dispatches for the Russian viceroy of the Far East, Admiral Alexiff. An important conference of veteran Japanese statesmen, including the Marquis Ito, was held at the premier's office to-day.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 13.—The foreign office says it has no official confirmation of the reported disembarkation of Japanese troops at Me San Pho. Regarding Manchuria, the foreign office states that the question is at present closed. The existing situation there is the fault of the Chinese, Japanese and British. If China desired to re-open the negotiations and accept certain conditions the situation could still be changed, as Russia is not rooted to the soil and could leave if she liked.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister here, has received reassuring news from Japan with reference to the Far East. He said his telegram indicates that there is no need whatever for alarm, and adds that the message was not a reply to anything he had cabled, so he thinks it was probably sent because of the alarming rumors which have been in circulation in Europe and which finally reached Japan.

A Good Attraction, Oct. 20.

Everyone knows that when Pusey and St. John put on a comedy it will be up to the minute. "A Run on the Bank" has been playing to great business ever since it opened on the 5th of September. Some of the critics have compared the farce with the somewhat similar sketch put on by Ward and Vokes this year and invariably they have given the palm to the Pusey and St. John company.

What kind of a play is it? Well, you've all laughed at the funny sayings of Harold and Percy and their conversational pyrotechnics as fired off thick and fast by these clever comedians are warranted to drive a case of the blues far from your happy home. So much for the funny part of the farce, but comedians must always be surrounded by pretty girls and "A Run on the Bank" has got them. They come in alone, in duos, in trios and in bunches. Unless you admire a beautifully gowned chic looking girl you had better stay away from "A Run on the Bank," which will be seen at the Lyceum next Tuesday night, October 20.

Base Ball Season Closed.

The Smethport base ball team wound up this season by playing two games with Port Allegany and they split even on these games.

Smethport won the game played here last Friday afternoon by a score of 8 to 5. The day was cold and the grounds too wet for fast ball, but the game was a good one considering the conditions. Nolan occupied the rubber for the home team and pitched a good game.

Saturday the boys went to Port Allegany to play two games but rain interfered in the first inning of the second game. The first game was won by the home team, the score being 8 to 5. Servatius pitched this game and we are told that he did good work.

Had the teams held together another week some fine exhibitions might have been given.

Lives With Bullet in Brain.

An Olean special says: The case of Clarence Hixenbaugh, a young man, who was shot in the brain by a rifle bullet, is puzzling local doctors. The youth was at play several weeks ago and was shot by a stray bullet.

He was brought from his home in Shingle House and the best medical men summoned to the hospital. All shook their heads and none dared probe for the bullet.

Death was predicted in a few hours. Instead of dying, Hixenburg improved and yesterday he was discharged. He left the hospital with a scar where the shot entered his head and with the bullet somewhere in his brain.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

Death of I. S Reynolds.

Isaac S. Reynolds of East Smethport died at the home of John Stull shortly after midnight Friday, aged about 63 years. The cause of his death was liver and bowel trouble and he had been confined to his bed about three weeks.

Mr. Reynolds came to East Smethport about 20 years ago and for a number of years was employed as chemist in the Extract works by his brother-in-law, L. J. Backer. Afterward he conducted a small drug store in that place for some time. The Judge, as he was familiarly called by his friends, was a man who made friends among all classes of people and during his residence in Keating township was elected to and filled nearly all the township offices within the gift of the voters, from inspector of election to justice of the peace. From the latter he derived the title of Judge. Judge Reynolds possessed an unusually bright mind and had it not been for his one weakness he would have undoubtedly have been one of the leading men of this country.

On the evening of the last day of last century the social and fraternal order, known as the Independent Order of Frogs, was organized in this borough and Judge Reynolds was chosen as the leader, Supreme Congenial. Since that time the members of this order have been his truest friends and during his last days on earth they spared no expense in making him comfortable.

Mr. Reynolds is survived by two brothers, a wife and two daughters who live in or near Mansfield, Pa., but because of some estrangement in days long gone by he died and was laid at rest without the comforting presence of those most dear to him. What ever might have been the cause of the chasm which separated him from his family it seems that his deathbed should have spanned this breach.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's chapel, Rev. J. Heber McCandless officiating, Sunday last at 2:30 o'clock and interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery. The Order of Frogs, about fifteen in number, attended in a body.

Court Proceedings.

Following are the doings at court after last week's issue of this paper:

Fred Decker pleaded guilty to a charge of burglarizing the Epstein store in Bradford. He said that he has served 6 years and 6 months in the penitentiary for committing assault and battery twice and larceny once. Judge Bouton fined him $100 fine, costs of prosecution and two years in the Western penitentiary at solitary confinement at hard labor.

Jack Taylor, colored, pleaded guilty to assault and battery on his sweetheart and was fined $50 and costs.

Jacob Strungren was found not guilty of assault and battery, but was adjudged insane and he was taken to the Warren asylum on Monday.

John F. Tuohy was appointed guardian of Mary Shields, a minor.

James Biggins was appointed guardian of Mary A. Welch, a minor.

The case brought by the Humane Society against Adam Zobitski for maltreatment of his children has created considerable comment on account of the contradictory evidence of the children. The jury put three-fourths of the costs on the defendant and one-fourth on Humane Agent Driscoll. We understand that the court exonerated Mr. Driscoll of his part of the costs.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. W. K. Swetland, charged with false pretense by T. F. Mullin, the indictment was quashed.

In the case of Arthur Irvine, charged with assault and battery on Mr. West, the costs were divided.

Arthur Snyder, convicted of the larceny of a quantity of jewelry, was sentenced to pay a fine of $25, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment of one year in the county jail.

W. H. Breece pleaded guilty to three indictments, each charging false pretense, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $75, costs of imprisonment and undergo one year imprisonment in the county jail.

Frank Acra was fined $25 and costs, in default of which he is now in jail.

Mary Rossy pleaded guilty to stealing watermelons. Sentence was suspended.

F. J. Foster of Foster Brook brought an information against John Wilson, charging him with the larceny of a hen valued at 50 cents. The grand jury ignored the bill and the costs were placed upon the complainant.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 12, 1903:

Daniel E. Clarey, John Gates, J. H. Henry, Frank Jolietti, P. Kellepher, Green Miller, Mrs. Lucian Moorehead, Joe Otto, Frank Rozoi, Dr. Stewart, package, Mrs. George Swortze, Mrs. Fred B. Wren. Foreign—Rocco Villica.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Serious Trolley Accident.

The Bradford Era of Saturday says:

James B. Slocum, a conductor on the Olean, Rock City & Bradford trolley line, is at the Bradford hospital with both legs broken and suffering with severe bodily injuries, sustained in a wreck near Babcock, shortly after 2 o'clock this morning. Slocum was in charge of a special trolley car returning from Olean to Bradford with 42 representatives of the local lodge, Scandinavian Brotherhood of America, who had been in attendance at the fourth anniversary celebration of the organization in the City of Natural Advantages. The special left Olean at 1 o'clock. While running at a high rate of speed near the Babcock station, two calves ran upon the track immediately in front of the car. The motorman was unable to check the speed of the car to an appreciable extent and it crashed into the young bovines with great force, killing them almost instantly. The car was derailed and ran alongside the track for a distance of 500 feet before being brought to a sudden stop in consequence of coming in contact with a telegraph pole. Fortunately it failed to "jump" the rails on the opposite side from the creek which runs beside the road at this point else the entire party would have been dashed into the water. The trucks, vestibule and a portion of the roof of the car were damaged beyond recognition. Conductor Slocum was standing on the rear platform at the time of the derailment and was thrown from the car with considerable force, probably coming in contact with a tree or stump, sustaining injuries, which it is feared will prove fatal. A telephone message was sent to Bradford and a relief car was immediately dispatched to the scene of the wreck. The passengers, with the exception of several who received minor bruises, escaped injury. Miss Amelia Gustavson of this city is suffering with a severe nervous shock and for a time was in a serious condition, in consequence of the excitement attending the accident. Slocum is one of the oldest and most valued men in the company's employ and is widely acquainted in Olean and Bradford.

Found Wife Dead.

The people of Portville received a shock yesterday in the sudden death of Mrs. John G. Parish of that place, which occurred some time during the forenoon. When Mr. Parish returned from work at noon, he entered the house by way of the kitchen, but noticing that there were no preparations under way for dinner he hastened to the dining room and found Mrs. Parish lying on the floor beside an overturned rocking chair. Upon examination it was discovered that she had been dead for some time, the end having been brought about by heart trouble. The deceased was one of Portville's best known and most highly esteemed ladies. She was 66 years of age and is survived by her husband and two daughters, Mrs. L. H. Brooks of this city and Mrs. Earl Marsh of Portville. Her sudden death has brought sorrow to many friends and the family have much sympathy in their bereavement.—Saturday's Olean Times.

Criminal Negligence.

As will be seen by the following those who depend upon faith cure are guilty of criminal negligence, according to the laws of New York:

Especial interest attaches to the decision handed down by the Court of Appeals in the case of The People vs. Pierson, declaring dependence upon faith healing in the case of sickness to be criminal negligence. Pierson lives at White Plains and early in 1901 was sentenced to $500 fine or 500 days' imprisonment for criminal neglect in failing to provide a licensed physician to attend his 16-months' old adopted daughter in a case of bronchial pneumonia, which afterward proved fatal. The conviction was secured under the penal code, which holds that "a person who omits without lawful excuse to perform a duty by law imposed upon him, to furnish food, clothing, shelter or medical attendance to a minor is guilty," etc.

A Prohibition Joke.

It is related that a newspaper man, not more than a thousand miles from Campbelltown, recently received a letter from a large distilling firm asking for a list of names of citizens, who might be interested in the literature of a new brand of whiskey and promising him a commission on all sales. The newspaper man being somewhat of a joker himself, sat down and made out a list of the principal Prohibitionists of the place and forwarded it. He forgot all about the matter until a few weeks later, when it was called to his attention by a letter from the distiller, enclosing a draft for $16.50 with thanks for the list which had been found peculiarly remunerative.—Mt. Jewett News.

Keep up with the Times.

The modern way of keeping warm is with a Garnet Jewel Heating Stove, especially designed for the economy of gas. Trading stamps given.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Again this week we issue a half sheet and the readers of the MINER living at a distance may look for some explanation for this extraordinary conduct on the part of the publishers. Those living in this vicinity have a perfect understanding of the condition of affairs. The fact is the catching of pigeons has occupied the attention of all classes of our people for weeks past. Every other business has been neglected. No sooner had the pigeons commenced nesting in the southern townships of our county than the mechanic dropped his tools, the merchant his yardstick, the clergyman his commentaries, the lawyer his reports, the farmer his hoe and the printer his shooting stick and all went for the pigeons. The business proved profitable. Some men made as high as fifty dollars at one "cock-flight" and scarcely a boy could be found who was not coining money "living" pigeons. Well, there is a lull in the business; the pigeons are working into other localities and by the time our people have used up the money they have made in capturing them, they will be back on their farms, in their shops, offices and stores, giving their business renewed attention because of the recreation obtained from pigeon catching. When the profits we have derived from "living" pigeons and catching squabs are gone look out for a full sheet MINER.

We regret to announce the death of Franklin T. Backus of Cleveland, which occurred on Saturday, May 14, 1870. He was a brother of Messrs. Seth A. and John C. Backus and Mrs. Mary Milliken of this place. Mr. Backus was one of the oldest members of the bar in Ohio. He was born in Lee, Berkshire county, Mass., was graduated at Yale college and went to Cleveland in 1836. He was a Representative and Senator in the State Legislature, a candidate for the Supreme Court and Congress and was strongly recommended by men of both parties for the place of District Judge for the Northern District of Ohio. He was not only a man of large wealth, but what is better, honest. Mr. Backus was a good citizen, an ornament to his profession and has left to his family and friends a good name.

Died, on Sunday morning, May 15, 1870, Mr. John McCoy, at the house of his son, Dr. Wm. Y. McCoy. Mr. McCoy was in his 86th year and had been living with his son in this place for several months past, although his permanent residence for many years past has been at Ellicottville, N. Y., to which place his remains were taken for interment.

Died, on Monday, May 2, 1870, in Liberty township, John A., son of O. G. and Hannah M. Griffin, aged 22 years, 10 months and 6 days.

Mark Sheldon went by our office the other day and as he seemed inclined to limp, we asked him if he had met with an accident. He said he was shot dead the other night when in the act of stealing corn from his brother-in-law, Walter Evans. Thinking that it might be an item of interest to his friends and as he seemed willing to pay for the notice of his demise, we "stick it in." There can be no mistake about it as he ought to be good authority and was there himself. He was a good girl and will be very much missed—at the table.

Married, in Friendship, June 1, 1870, at the residence of E. B. Wingate, by Rev. C. B. Gardner of Cuba, Mr. Alonzo H. Medberry of Port Allegany, Pa., and Miss Kittie C. Haight of Angelica, N. Y.

Rhoda, widow of the late P. E. Scull of this borough, died on the 13th day of July, 1870. She lived a little longer than the allotted "three score years and ten," being seventy years old the 26th of last February. The deceased was nearly a life-long resident of this county, and for many years past her home has been in this borough. While in the strength of womanhood she professed her faith in Christ and connected herself with the Presbyterian church in this place, of which she was a worthy member as long as that organization had an existence. Mrs. Scull was a good neighbor, a true friend and a devoted and affectionate mother; and was not only respected, but highly esteemed and beloved for her kind disposition and many Christian virtues by all within the circle of her acquaintance. She was always ready to help the afflicted. In the spirit of self denial and self-sacrifice she delighted in the imitation of Him who "bare our sicknesses." Though unobtrusive, none doubted the genuineness of her Christian life. During her last days she frequently spoke of her perfect trust in Christ. The grave to her was not dark and forbidding, but bright and inviting with immortal hope and joy. She literally triumphed over death, expressing the victory of her faith in such significant words as these: "I have no fears." "The Savior whom I have found in time will not forsake me in eternity." "The great Savior is all, all." Evidently God gave her victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The best Baltimore oysters served in bulk at N. M. Harrington's restaurant.

"A Run On The Bank."

"A Run on the Bank" will occupy the stage of the Lyceum Tuesday night, October 20. This bright farce comedy will be presented by a large company of comedians and pretty girls, headed by those two clever actors, Mr. Woods and James Purvis, who will be seen in the leading roles of Percy and Harold. These parts give them ample opportunity to display their versatility and that they are successful is evidenced by the generous applause and hearty reception they receive every time they appear upon the stage. In their support are the following high class vocalists, comedy artists and specialty people: The clever Towner Sisters, phenomenal change artists; Lottie Haywood, acrobatic dancer and comedian; Will H. Fields, who is himself an exceptionally clever Hebrew Impersonator; Bentham and Freeman, operatic vocalists and Ethiopian delineators; Leone Sisters, very clever singers; Philip L'Estrange, Eccentric Comique; Frank Robison, Musical Artist, and Frank D. Brooks, Musical Marvel. Also a well voiced chorus of fifteen pretty girls in all of the latest and most popular music of the day. This comedy was written for laughter purposes only, and is guaranteed to please the most blase of theatre goers.

Farm Help.

The question of efficient help on the farm has been a serious one during the season now closing. Many a farmer has not only overworked himself but other members of his family as well. Women and children have been in the field when they should have been in the house or at play. The cause of this is not far to seek. Other industries have been able to outbid the farmer in the labor market. Should this be so? If not why is it so and what is the remedy?

It is so because of organization on the part of both labor and capital. Organization enabling the producer to get higher prices and the laborer to force wages up.

What is the remedy? Organization for the farmers as a class. Not so much to control prices as to secure proper recognition and fair treatment to defend themselves against unjust discrimination and unfair legislation.

The individual farmer will do well to carefully consider his possible working force for another season and plow and plant no more than he can easily handle. During the winter months granges will discuss the labor force for 1904.

James Doyle in Michigan.

The following is from the Boyne City, Michigan, Citizen: James Doyle of Mt. Jewett, Pa., returned to Boyne last week on a business trip. Mr. Doyle will be remembered as the promotor of several of our industries, notably the tannery and chemical works. Since leaving here two years ago he has had the misfortune to lose a part of his remaining leg by an operation made necessary by the inroads of an attack of gangrene. This double affliction has in no wise dampened Mr. Doyle's usually hopeful spirit, and he is with us with the object in view of promoting additional industries, and has about completed the plans for launching "two good things" in the spring. He goes East the first of the week on a still hunt for more, and it would not surprise those on the inside if a large amount of Pennsylvania capital is induced to invest here through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Doyle.

Teachers' Institute.

The McKean county teachers' institute will be held at the court house, Smethport, Oct. 26-30, 1903.

Institute will convene Monday, Oct. 26th, at 2 p. m.

Instructors—Prof. W. I. Crane; Mrs. Theo. B. Ness, Miss Lucile Hinman and James M. Coughlin. Miss Lillian Thurber, pianist.

Enrollment—Teachers can enroll from 10:30 to 12 noon on Monday in the court house. To receive pay for Monday, teachers must be present.

Closing of Schools.—The law requires the closing of all schools in the county during institute week.

Arrangements have been made with the railroad companies for special excursion rates to teachers attending institute. Card orders will be forwarded on application.

J. E. MYERS,
County Supt. of Schools.

Death of a Little Child.

Leona, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Freeman of Norwich died Friday noon, Oct. 6, after an illness of only a few hours of cholera infantum, aged 3 years, 10 months and 11 days. The funeral was held Sunday, Oct. 11, at the Union church, Colegrove, and interment made in the Colegrove cemetery. She was the pet of all with her loving ways, and the sorrowing family have the sympathy of all in their sudden bereavement.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

A new lot of silverware and novelties at Holder's.

Pennsylvania Doctors Not Unfriendly to the W. C. T. U.

EDITOR MCKEAN COUNTY MINER:

Owing to incomplete reports and misleading headlines in a number of Philadelphia papers, the statement has been spread broadcast that the Pennsylvania Medical Society at its recent convention in York, denounced the text-books on physiology in use in the schools and condemned the methods of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The facts of the case are as follows:

A few years ago a committee of five was appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society to examine school text-books on physiology. This committee, which Dr. L. J. Lauenbach of Philadelphia was chairman, published a series of articles in the "Pennsylvania Medical Journal," reviewing 51 books on physiology and hygiene, and pointing out what it considered erroneous teaching. Our organization answered in detail all the criticisms on the text-books endorsed by the W. C. T. U. and published criticisms and answers in a pamphlet entitled "Science the Arbiter." Copies of this pamphlet were sent last spring to 9,000 Pennsylvania physicians.

The text-book committee presented a report to the recent convention which severely criticized the books in general use, especially those endorsed by the W. C. T. U., and condemned the methods of our organization. This report met with much opposition and when it came up for action in the executive council it was laid on the table by the decisive vote of 35 to 5. The text-book committee was discontinued because of its offensive allusions to the W. C. T. U., and a new committee of five appointed in its stead to continue the work of examining text-books. This action of the Pennsylvania Medical Society is very much appreciated by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Opponents of scientific temperance instruction often assert that too much time is given to temperance teaching in the schools. Where this is the case it is because the plan of work outlined by the W. C. T. U. is not followed. Our organization asks that during nine school years not less than thirty lessons a year of twenty minutes each shall be given on physiology and hygiene, and that one-fifth of this time shall be devoted to teaching the advantages of abstaining from alcohol, tobacco and narcotics. Surely two hours of each school year is not too much time to give to a subject of so much importance to health and morals. The one desire of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is that the children of to-day, who will soon be the citizens, and therefore the rulers, of our country, shall be thoroughly equipped for the duties of citizenship.

MRS. THOS. L. KANE,
Assistant W. C. T. U. County Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction.

Love is a Disease.

Chicago continues to startle the scientific world by the boldness of its home-made theories. Dr. A. C. Cotton, dean of the Rush Medical College, has made a bid for fame by declaring that love is a disease. Here is what Dr. Cotton says: "Verily I believe that love is a disease. Some day we may discover the germ that is responsible for its existence. If the love microbe can be destroyed then marriage will be founded upon a logical, rational, scientific basis, and not on the accident of the wavering, miscere emotion, or passion, we call love. Age lends no immunity from this disease. Senility is often a more extravagant victim than youth. Watch a man of three score years when the love microbe claims him. A wife, honored for years as a model of domestic virtue, suddenly elopes with another man, though there has been no estrangement from her husband. What is the cause? It is a disease."

For Sale.

A farm of 5 acres, near the depot, improved. House, barn, young orchard and good spring of water. Also two cows, one horse, buggy and harness, two acres of oats threshed, half acre of millet, three tons of hay, one horse mowing machine, pair of one horse sleighs with box and seat, one 2-months' pig, 15 bens, 3,000 feet of hemlock lumber, and household goods. All the above will be sold for $500 cash.

S. LEWIS,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Do you want the best single or double-barrel, hammer or hammerless shotgun, rifle, revolver, hunting coats or shooters' sundries? We have them.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Trading stamps given.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel on Monday evening, Oct. 19, and stay Tuesday and Wednesday, with a winter line of ladies' shirt waist patterns, and also the latest in men's shirts and underwear.

Fresh Baltimore oysters. They are the finest in the market and the prices are reasonable. N. M. Harrington of the Model restaurant will serve them in any style or furnish them in bulk.

A Robbery Reversed

...By HOWARD FIELDING...

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Howe.

As to Mrs. Willard's diamonds, the sequence of incidents was certainly out of the ordinary.

The lady, alone in her carriage, was on her way to the house of a friend with whom she intended to spend the evening. It may have been about half past 8 o'clock.

"Martin," she called to the coachman suddenly, "drive home again."

Mrs. Willard could bring clearly into view a jewel casket containing some thousands of dollars' worth of diamond ornaments, but she could not see Mrs. Lee Willard in the act of putting it away in the cunningly devised hiding place in the head of the quaint, old fashioned couch that stood by the north wall of the apartment.

No member of the family was at home except her niece, Miss Amy Barton, who had gone to her room with a headache, and Mrs. Willard's maid would probably have joined the other servants in the rear of the house immediately after her mistress' departure. The butler was a new man.

When the carriage drew up abreast the door Mrs. Willard sprang out before the spry footman could offer his assistance, and at that instant she descried a dark figure hastily withdrawing into the mouth of the narrow court that ran along the north side of the house.

"Who is there?" she cried.

The figure seemed to hesitate and then came forward into the light of the avenue.

"It is I, Mrs. Willard," said this suspicious character, lifting his hat.

"Tom Lawrence!" exclaimed the lady as if he had been a schoolboy, although there really was little difference in their years. "What were you doing there?"

"I stepped in out of the wind to get a light," he replied.

"A light for what?" she demanded.

"For my cigar, of course," he answered, with a trace of embarrassment. "I've thrown it away now."

She looked at him for ten seconds closely.

"I want to talk to you," said she at last. "Come into the house. Oh, that's all right," she added, seeing his look of surprise. "You won't see Amy, though upon my word, I believe you would have done so if I had not returned so soon."

"Your husband"—

"Is out of town," she interrupted. "But he would approve my course if he were here. He won't let you call on Amy"—

"Because I haven't enough money."

"Because you haven't enough stability of character," answered the lady severely, though, as before, she spoke in a tone too low for the ears of her liveried servitors. "But come. I have a reason for haste."

She ascended the steps just as the door opened in response to the footman's ring. Passing the butler, she turned a keen eye upon him, for something in his appearance struck her as unusual and vaguely disquieting, so much so indeed that she asked him sharply what was the matter.

"I don't know, mum," he replied. "I do feel ill, mum, but it's only just this instant—a little bit—er—dizzy like."

"You have been drinking, I am afraid."

"A sip of beer, mum, with my dinner," he replied, "the same as is allowed the other servants no more, I do assure you."

Mrs. Willard turned away, at the same time commanding Mr. Lawrence by wave of her hand to wait her return. As she ran up the stairs she had a glimpse of Miss Amy Barton in the hall above. The young lady seemed to be fully and very becomingly dressed and to have quite recovered from her indisposition. Mrs. Willard found the door of her dressing room open, and the place was in disorder.

She ran across the room. The little secret nook in the head of the couch was open. Casket and jewels were gone.

Mrs. Willard was not an excitable woman, and her self command in emergencies was excellent.

"Where have you been since I went out?" she demanded of the butler.

"I never got out of my chair, mum, till you came back," said he.

"What makes you talk so strangely?" she asked. "You are drunk; you have been asleep."

"I protest that it ain't so, mum," he answered, with tears in his eyes. "I'm sick. I'm taken sudden with something, I don't know what."

Then he suddenly regained his self control and got upon his feet.

"What's wrong — what's wrong, mum?" he cried excitedly.

"All my diamonds are gone."

"But—but," stammered Lawrence, "this man could see that door from here. It isn't possible"—

"In view of his condition"—she began.

"I was all right—groaned the butler. "I was as well and wide awake as ever in my life till I got up to let you in. Nobody went near that door or I'd have known it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Willard, "here is Lucy!" The trim maid entered at that moment by a door at the end of the hall, and she stared in amazement at her mistress.

"Lucy," asked Mrs. Willard, "how long were you in my dressing room after I left?"

"Not above a minute, my lady," replied the girl.

She was too well trained to ask "why" except with her eyes.

"My diamonds are gone, Lucy," said Mrs. Willard. "The door is broken, the room is all torn to pieces, and the diamonds are stolen."

"But where—where was he?" demanded the maid, pointing to the butler, who had again fallen into the chair. "What's the matter with you?" shaking him by the shoulder. "You've gone and got drunk, and the house has been robbed. He must have left the front door open after you."

The butler was muttering to himself.

"One thing is clear enough," Lawrence interposed. "This whole business is a plot. This man isn't drunk. He's drugged—with morphine, I should say. But what beats me is that the house should be robbed first and the man drugged afterward, for it's a perfect certainty that he was just beginning to be affected when we came in."

There was a ring of the bell at this moment, and the footman, who had remained during all this scene close by the door, opened it, revealing two men. They stepped into the hall—a heavy, sandy haired, red faced man holding by the arm a thin, dark, foreign looking individual.

The burly man was Detective Sergeant Brice.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he said, addressing Mrs. Willard. "I'm a headquarters detective, and my general business is circulating round through this neighborhood looking for housebreakers of various kinds. I caught this fellow prying open one of your windows on the alleyway just now. I'd been shadowing him for an hour or more. He says he used to be a servant here and that he was coming to see another one. Same old story, of course. I brought him in to see if you could identify him."

"His name is Davoll," said Mrs. Willard in the tone of one dazed. "He was my butler before this man. But—but you say you've followed him for an hour and that you caught him before he actually got into the house?"

"Yes'm. Why not?" said Brice.

"Because the robbery has already taken place!"

"It has?" exclaimed the detective. "When?"

"Within half an hour."

"No, ma'am; excuse me," said Brice. "Nobody has robbed this house within a half hour or an hour either. This man's been hanging around for as long as that, and my partner and I have had our eyes on the premises."

"But my diamonds are gone," said Mrs. Willard, and she gave Brice the story, including the drugging of Norton, the new butler, now so completely overpowered that it was thought best to send the footman for a doctor.

"I guess he drugged himself," said Brice. "It's an old game. We'll find the diamonds hidden somewhere about. They must be in the house, for only one person has gone out of it and you brought him back with you."

"Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard, turning to Lawrence.

"I admit that I made a call of a few minutes upon Miss Barton," said the young man. "She herself let me in. We remained in the hall. Norton, your butler, was here all the time, and he showed no indication of being drugged."

"YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING, I AM AFRAID," SAID MRS. WILLARD.

The bell sounded again, and the maid opened the door. A very modest looking person in black stood without, and he held something in his hand.

"It's my partner," said Brice. "What is it, Joe?"

The person thus addressed came forward and revealed to the astonished eyes of Mrs. Willard her jewel casket, empty!

"I found this in the area," said the man called Joe. "It struck me that your prisoner"—and he jerked his thumb toward the discharged butler, Davoll—might have thrown it away. He might have done a trick somewhere else, you know, before we found him."

"Officer," said Tom Lawrence in that peculiar drawl of his which his friends find amusing, "isn't it a little peculiar that a thief should throw away the husk of his plunder while he's coming toward the scene of his crime instead of when he's running away?"

"Everything in this case in exactly stern foremost, so far as I can see," said he, "but I'll swear that nobody has carried those diamonds away from this house. They're here, and we'll find 'em."

They searched the house from top to bottom vainly.

"Well, I don't just exactly know what to make of it," said Brice, "but this fellow that we nabbed must have had something to do with it. We'll take him over to the station house and lock him up."

Davoll fell on his knees before Mrs. Willard.

"I swear to you," he cried, "that I have nothing to do with this crime. I was starve. You discharge me, I get no work; nothing to eat. I come to beg a crust. This crime, it is plain! I read him like a book."

"Yes, you can—not!" said Brice.

"Madam," cried Davoll, "if I disclose to you who did it and say to you where you can find the diamonds of

"THE DIAMONDS ARE HERE!"

which you have been stolen—robbed—will you cause these men to let me go; to make no charge, as they call it?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Willard. "Tell me who did this and where the diamonds are, and I will make no charge against anybody. I am not anxious to appear in the police courts. What I want is my property."

She glanced at Detective Sergeant Brice, who spread out his hands, palms upward.

"All right, if you say so," said he, and he removed the handcuffs from Davoll's wrists.

"Your promise is made," said Davoll. "Your honor you have pledge me, eh? Is it not so? Ver' good. Now, then, this man Norton, who have taken my place, was drugged at dinner. The poison not slow, ver' slow. It was intend by the thief to leave the hall door open by and by, when this man would be sleeping in his chair. You, coming home, would say: 'Drunken brute! You leave my house open to thieves.' You go upstairs. You find the lock broken, the room thrown all about. 'A thief!' you say. You know not how long the diamonds have been gone.

"You come home too soon. For that reason you see everything coming the wrong way, with its last end before its front. The robbery is done, the servant is drugged, and then the thief breaks into the house."

"The thief!" echoed Mrs. Willard.

"I have your solemn word," said Davoll hastily. "No charge at all, eh? Nobody to be punished—nobody whatever? Is it so?"

"If my diamonds are returned," said Mrs. Willard, "that will close this case."

"All right," exclaimed the Frenchman. "The diamonds they are here."

He thrust his hands rapidly into various pockets and brought forth the entire lot of jewels.

"You—you!" exclaimed Officer Brice. "Why, it ain't possible!"

Mrs. Willard was scanning the gems with care.

"They are all here," she said. "Now tell your story. No harm will come to you or any one else because of this."

"Ah, madame," responded Davoll, "it is so good of you to say that! When these men trapped me and brought me here I thought all lost. Figure it to yourself, me with the plunder in my pockets. But they know it not, and by quick wit I find a way of escape through this bargain that I have made with you.

"Now, then, a friend of mine in this house drug this man Norton. That same friend take the jewels and set them by a window in the basement. While these men watch me after I pry the windows open I am filling my pockets with gems from the casket which stand just inside. It was my friend also who broke the lock of the door of your room and make everything to look so much upside down. After I get the jewels she throw the box into the court."

"Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard. "Where is she?"

"She have gone," replied Davoll gravely. "I have give her plenty time. It was for her as well as for me that I make my bargain. You comprehend? It was all lost. If these men drag me to the station house they search me and find the gems. They discover everything. It was for me to think quick, I tell you, when they brought me in here. Ver' good, I think. And your promise—you will keep it? You will not cheat me, eh?"

"Not I," said Mrs. Willard. "I am in many ways too much relieved."

And she looked at Tom Lawrence out of the corner of her eye.

An Odd Picture.

One of the strangest sights I ever saw in a wild country was a little minister garbed in solemn black, white "dog" collar, buttonless vest and stiff black straw hat. The dominie was standing in a leaky boat in the midst of a primeval woods, fishing the boiling waters of a mountain torrent. At his back a cataract roared and pounded the rocks, churning the water to white suds. Above him the eternal snow glistened on the mountains, and but a few yards away a gaunt cinnamon bear was quietly nosing among the driftwood.—Dan Beard in World's Work.

Introspection.

One can accomplish but little when all is said, for, make no mistake about it, however much we pose and strut in the world, in the solitude of our own studies there are few of us but know how the faults and blemishes of our craft stand out and stare us in the face to remind us that we are small enough and halting enough to be always learning, never quite gloriously achieving.

THE ORIGIN OF COFFEE.

Why the Berry Defies Production in the United States.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 617 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1722 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman of the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadaloupe and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree, and when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—Success.

WHY HE DIDN'T MARRY.

Phil May's Story of an Australian Prisoner.

Phil May, the English artist, worked in his youth on the Bulletin of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the Bulletin people to the police courts, and from these assignments he would bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable.

One of the best of the Bulletin sketches portrays a thin, hangdog man in the prisoners' bar talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch was that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the latter now said.

"It is, your honor, worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Annie and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."—Boston Post.

THINGS NOT TO DO.

To contradict your friends when they are speaking.

To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings.

It is bad to make remarks about the food at dinner.

To talk about things which only interest yourself.

To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.

To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.

To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.

To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.

To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.—Gem.

As She Understood It.

A pretty rosy cheeked country girl entered one of our large department stores. It was bargain day, and the crowd was greater than usual. She had wandered about from floor to floor, a little bewildered at the magnitude of the establishment, the largest she had ever seen.

Seeing her, a floorwalker approached and said, "Is anybody waiting on you?"

"Yes, s'r," said the girl, blushing to the roots of her flaxen hair. "He's outside; he wouldn't come in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conservatism.

"Wasn't the execution of the man who stole horses a trifle irregular?"

"It was jes' as reg'lar as we could make it," answered Bronco Bob stoutly. "Course we didn't have no judge or jury handy. But we captured the feller on Wednesday an' put off the hangin' till Friday, so's to have it accordin' to custom."—Washington Star.

The Bride's Critics.

"Now that we are married, dear," said the bridegroom, "you have a serious task before you."

"Why, George, what is it?"

"You must prove to my three sisters that you are worthy of me."—Philadelphia Press.

VIRTUE OF WATER.

Good Thing to Use In Keeping the Stomach Clean.

The habits of people in general do not seem so bad when one considers the average individual's limitations as to knowledge and thought. The fact is that most people don't know, don't think and hence don't care. Let them read more science, think more sensibly and act more seriously, then their habits will be more satisfactory.

The alimentary receptacle, the stomach or vat in which foods and liquids are received and mixed, is habitually converted by many persons into a chemical retort for all sorts of drugs and remedies with the view of reaching and relieving the ills of the various organs of the body, from dandruff to corns. The writer believes that he can give no more and better reasons for his confidence in the therapeutic value of remedies than most other physicians, but he wishes to emphasize here the transcendent element of common sense in their administration. Before and above all things, however, what is wanted is a clean gastro intestinal canal, and his claim is that water properly used is the best agent to effect that cleansing. On a par with this canal in importance are the eliminative tissues and organs of the system—the kidneys, mucous membrane and skin. What therapeutic agent properly used is better than water? After all the assimilative and eliminative organs and tissues have been thoroughly rinsed with pure, soft water then, if it be still necessary to administer a chemical agent, one may be selected that will, with these organs and tissues in better condition, work wonders. If you are so foolish as to allow yourself to become foul from head to foot, cleanse yourself with water before resorting to chemical aids.—Health.

FANCIES OF STUDENTS.

The Young Medico Who Thought He Was Doomed to Paralysis.

"For the first year or two a man studies medicine," said a young physician, "he has every disease he learns about. In my day we had a man among us who felt sure he was going to be paralyzed. He was healthy as the next man, but that seemed to him to make his disease more insidious. He used to sit with his legs crossed and hit his knee to see if his reflexes were all right. Every time he failed to hit the right spot he would look down at his motionless foot and say:

"'Boys, this is awful.'

"He used to stand up, put his heels together and shut his eyes to see if he'd stagger. And he always declared he did, and then he'd look green around the gills and sigh till even the fellow who knew he had heart disease got tired of it. Paralysis and nothing but paralysis was on the man's mind, and he reckoned on being stricken at any time. When he was in his room he wore a pair of slippers—the kind you can walk into without stooping—and it was his habit to leave things just wherever he happened to step out of them. One night when he had gone to bed somewhat the worse for the evening's merriment two of us who roomed next door stepped in and tacked his slippers to the floor. About 8 o'clock next morning we were startled by a blood curdling yell from him. We rushed in. There he stood, just as he had stepped out of bed, his feet in his slippers. He pointed to them with a trembling finger and then turned toward us a face of utter despair.

"'Boys,' said he thickly, 'boys, look at my feet. I can't move them. I can't walk a step. Oh, Lord, it has come at last!'"—London Tit-Bits.

An Irish Answer.

The London Chronicle tells a story of an incident in a Donegal village showing the friendly Irish habit of giving a pleasing answer in preference to the bald truth. "I want some peppermint lozenges," said the Saxon visitor, coming straight to the point. "Sure ye do," smiled the Irish shopman, keeping off it. "How much are they?" pursued the Saxon as the man did not move. "And isn't it two ounces a penny they are?" answered the Irishman, still without moving. "Well, then, I want two ounces," persisted his customer impatiently. "Sure, not any at all!" said the Irishman, coming reluctantly to the point, with his sweetest smile of all.

Care of the Cat.

Don't feed meat to cats when they are kittens; it gives them fits. Don't give them cold milk; just lukewarm is the right temperature. Don't give them chunks of raw meat; cook it a little and cut it up rather small. Don't forget to have a dish of fresh, clean water convenient for them; cats suffer often for cool drinks. Don't, if you buy meat for them, "iver and alwis" buy liver, as they get tired of it, and it is not the healthiest diet in the world. Don't forget that a bit of fresh fish is welcome.—Good Housekeeping.

The Injuries Enumerated.

Casey—Shure, they do be tellin' me that Big Moike Monohan wor knocked down be an autymoible yisterday. Wor there any bones broke, I dunno?

Conley—Troth an' there wor. The owner av the divil wingon got his nose broke, the chawfer got his jaw broke an' Big Moike broke the second knuckle av his roight fisht.—Puck.

A Dream Indeed.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was full of the loveliest bonnets and—

Husband (coldly)—But that was only a dream, dear.

Wife—I knew that before I woke, but because you bought me one.—Philadelphia Press.

What She Meant.

"She told me," said the young man who had consulted a fortune teller, "that I was born to complain."

"Well, well," exclaimed Hemrock. "She means then that you will never be married."—Exchange.

It is best to remember that life is not written in lead pencil and erasing may not be done until after the account has been rendered to the Master.—New York Herald.

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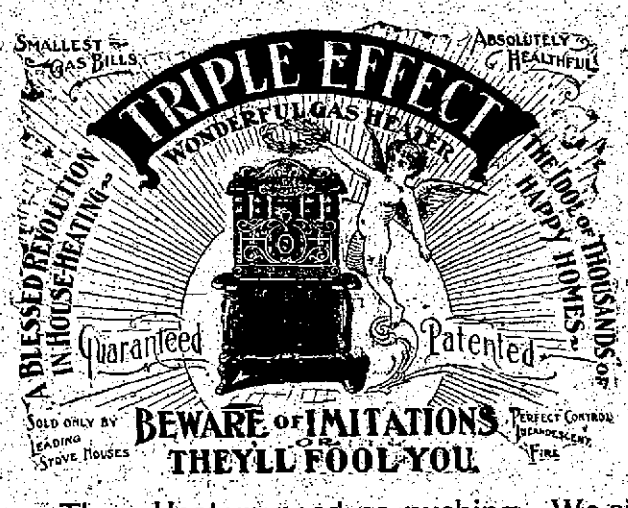

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McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See "Along the Kennebec" at the Lyceum to-night.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have a new advertisement in this issue.

—Richard Henry Savage, the author, died in New York Sunday.

—Furs and fall waists are advertised by Fry & Herzog this week.

—Read the new advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—The suicide rate in the United States has increased in ten years from 12 to 17 per 100,000 population.

—To-morrow, Friday, is Arbor Day. This day will be generally observed in the schools throughout the State, as the law wisely requires such observance.

—Heavy rainstorms Saturday and Sunday did great damage in Easton, Pa., Paterson and Trenton, N. J. The damage is at least $6,000,000 and hundreds of families are homeless.

—The Clarion State Normal School provides free courses of instruction for teachers, prepares students for college and maintains excellent departments for instruction in music and commercial branches.

—"Shem, Humanity's Hope in the Early Conflict With Evil" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Man of Two Talents, or the Average Man" is the evening subject.

—J. F. Donbles, who was one of the popular pitchers in our baseball team the latter part of the season, was united in marriage with Miss Amelia Peterson of Kane on Wednesday of last week at Limestone, N. Y., Rev. W. G. Schefiin officiating. Their many friends unite with the MINER in wishing them a pleasant journey through life.

—A great scheme has been worked whereby trains will be ferried intact across the channel from Calais, France, to Dover, England. By this means the traveler will not have to change cars between London and Paris. It is not known whether the new arrangement will prevent the seasickness which now usually results from a trip across the channel.

—For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Supreme Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 13 to 19, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Harrisburg Oct. 12 to 16, good to return until October 20, inclusive, from all stations upon its lines in the State of Pennsylvania, at reduced rates (minimum rate 25 cents).

—"Along the Kennebec," a New England comedy, much in the same vein as "Away Down East" and "The Old Homestead," pleased the audience at the Achdemy of Music that came out in the storm to see it. The comedy is of the "Down East" type and created considerable laughter, and the scenery was beautiful and appropriate. "Along the Kennebec" can feel sure of another good house on its return.—Meadville Daily Messenger, Oct. 8, 1903.

Antimony.

That terrible poison, antimony, known most familiarly in the compound called tartar emetic, has a very interesting history. It was introduced into medicine some centuries ago by Paracelsus. Its name signifies that it is "against monks," as some on whom it was tried displayed the now familiar symptoms. Its use in modern medicine has been reduced to the vanishing point with other depressing measures, such as bleeding. In the table which arranges the elements in series and shows their connections—so that all are probably modifications of one universal substance—there is a sequence, nitrogen, phosphorus, arsenic, antimony, bismuth. Sir Lauder Brunton has shown that these possess many common properties in their action upon man and that these properties vary in relation to the place of each in the scale. In the days before chloroform antimony and tobacco were used to produce the partial unconsciousness which attends their action.

How to Warm Gold Plates.

Various departments of "household hints" have unaccountably neglected to tell how solid gold plates may be warmed for the meat courses at dinner.

This may be done in the right or the wrong way. The right way is exemplified at Castle Kilkenny. This is one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in the world, some of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate.

Besides the ordinary plate service, Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy, consequently very soft and easily marred. Hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into hot water held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamois leather.

Cast Iron.

By altering the rate of cooling the strength of iron can be greatly changed, and the test bars are often run separately from the casting and cooled quicker, so that they usually have greater strength, sometimes more than twice as much. Separately cast test bars are always stronger than those cast on the castings itself, and of the latter the one nearest the heaviest part of the casting is always the weakest. The remedy, as above indicated, is simple when the false witness has once been pointed out.

Arab Lying.

The following characterization of the Arab penchant for not telling the truth is from a paper by Dr. G. Saint-Paul on the Tunisians. "Arab lying is exasperating. It is absurd and victorious. It triumphs easily over the critical sense and the habit of scientific reasoning. It is sometimes childish. Your native servants will never be taken unawares. You forbid one of them to smoke in your dining room and you surprise him there with a cigarette in his mouth. 'You were smoking.' 'No.' 'I saw you.' 'Impossible.' 'You had a cigarette in your mouth; you are hiding it in your hand; there it is!' 'Then God put it in my hand.' The native denies always. Taken red handed he denies. Beneath blows he denies. Pain is sometimes powerless to make him confess, even at the point of death. This obstinacy is due in part to the high idea he has of his dignity. His pride forbids him a confession, because the avowal of his lying is infinitely humiliating in his eyes. The fear of losing 'face' is all powerful in him. 'To recognize a fault is more shameful than to have committed it.' Hence the peculiar obstinacy of the native in denying, even when it would be to his interest to confess, an obstinacy not manifested in other ways."—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Canine Intelligence.

A native of Peru has vouched for the following: A native pointed out one day a huge white dog that lay before his wattled house. He declared that his dog had intelligence of an almost human order. He said that once, when it had broken a bone in its foot, he had taken it to a surgeon and the surgeon had set the fracture and relieved it of its pain. Some months afterward, in the middle of the night, the surgeon was awakened by a great scratching at his door and by a thumping as of some heavy body. He slipped on a dressing gown and went down, to find the white dog in his garden with a brown dog beside it that held one leg off the ground. The surgeon's deduction was that the white dog had brought its companion there for treatment. Accordingly he dressed the leg of the injured animal, and thereupon the two dogs licked his hands with an air of gratitude and departed slowly into the night side by side.

Rufus Choate and Justice Shaw.

Rufus Choate was sitting next to Judge Hoar in the bar when Chief Justice Shaw was presiding and the Suffolk docket was being called. The chief justice said something which led Mr. Choate to make a half humorous and half displeased remark about Shaw's roughness of look and manner, to which Judge Hoar replied, "After all, I feel a reverence for the old chief justice." "A reverence for him, my dear fellow?" said Choate. "So do I. I bow down to him as the wild Indian does before his wooden idol. I know he's ugly, but I bow to a superior intelligence."—George F. Hoar in Scribner's Magazine.

The Way to Float.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher. Let your mouth and nose, and not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher." There are reason and logic in this.

Tolerance.

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others, even of one's enemies. Tolerance is silent justice blended with sympathy. Tolerance always implies wisdom and kindness. It seeks to convert others from error by gently raising them to higher ordeals, by leading them to broader lines of thinking, by patiently helping them to help themselves. Tolerance does not use the battering ram of argument or the club of sarcasm or the rapier of ridicule.—Selected.

Painful.

Johnson—Does your wife speak French?

Thompson—She thinks she does.

"You don't speak it, do you?"

"No."

"Then how do you know she doesn't?"

"I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache!"

Unreasonable.

Magistrate (severely)—Prisoner, how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him?

Prisoner (piteously)—But, your honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man in broad daylight. When do you expect me to get in my work?

The Baby Humorists.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied Old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

No one can give anything and keep it except a promise.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Mr. Frith's Portrait of Dickens.

It was early in the fifties that John Forster asked me to paint a portrait of Dickens for him. I gladly consented and was about to propose a day for the first sitting when Forster stopped me by mentioning what he called a most unfortunate propensity which Dickens had developed—he was actually growing a mustache! "'Tis just a fancy of the moment," said Forster, "and we must wait till the craze has passed away." A very few months convinced us that the mustache, so far from passing away, was rapidly growing into what threatened to be a formidable beard, so, unless one-half of the face was to be lost to us, no more time should be lost. My idea was to paint him in his working clothes, but when I found that he always wore a light bright blue silk coat with big red cuffs every morning when he took pen in hand I remonstrated so successfully that after a little hesitation he consented to wear the black jacket in which he now appears at South Kensington.—W. P. Frith, R. A., in King, His Navy and Army.

Audubon and His Hair.

Audubon, the great naturalist, early in his career wore his hair very long. He wrote in his diary one day: "I wear my hair as long as usual. I believe it does as much for me as my paintings." However, in 1827 his friends succeeded in persuading him to get his hair cut according to the prevailing fashion. On March 19 of that year he wrote in his diary: "This day my hair sacrificed and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly it reminded me of the horrible times of the French revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low." Further to express his grief the margin of the page on which this entry was made he painted black about three-quarters of an inch deep all around.

Eagles in the Tennessee Mountains.

There are many eagles in the Tennessee mountains, and consequently there are many mountaineers who are expert catchers of the young eagles. These reap rich rewards in return for their perilous risks and adventures, and some of them receive as much as $2,000 for a single year's catch. The keen-eyed hunters watch the nests until the young are hatched and then, patiently waiting for the mother bird to leave in search for food, make short work of the capture, while the mother bird is invariably shot to death upon her return to the nest and in her frenzied search for her young. Bolder hunters than these make attacks at night, while the less experienced use snares and nets, a method, however, in a majority of cases, unsuccessful.

Smell and Taste.

The sense of smell is most nearly allied to that of taste. Hearing and seeing depend upon nerve responses to vibrations in the air and in the ether. In order to taste a substance it has to be wholly or partially dissolved; in order to smell a substance it must encounter the olfactory organs as a vapor, an emanation, a cloud of particles arising from odoriferous matter.

Burial.

"How much better I like the word 'burial' than 'funeral.' The burial is just the fulfillment of our latest prayers. 'None of self and all of thee.' The poor pettiness of that which is not living and loving and so glorified in him, all buried away, and nothing precious in his sight, and so in ours, can be buried there!"—"Letters of Emelie Russell Gurney."

Sporting Blood.

Blizzer—I heard that Bilgewater jumped out of his yacht and was drowned.

Buzzer—Shocking! Did he do it with suicidal intent?

Blizzer—Oh, no! He was racing and did it to lighten his boat and thereby win the race.

A Mean Trick.

"That's the meanest man I ever ran across," said the book agent.

"What has he done?"

"Kept me calling day after day, and finally said he didn't care anything about reading, but he enjoyed hearing me talk."

"I had scrofula and erysipelas for eighteen years, until I heard

Of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. Hilery Koons, of Queens, W. Va. "When I commenced to take this medicine I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and three vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and am glad to say I feel like a new man. I now weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds. When I had used one bottle of the medicine I could feel it was helping me. I realize Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine on earth."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood and entirely eradicates the poisons that breed and feed disease. It cures scrofula, eczema, erysipelas, boils, pimples and other eruptions that mar and scar the skin. Pure blood is essential to good health. The weak, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience is commonly the effect of impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery not only cleanses the blood of impurities, but it increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and it enriches the body with an abundant supply of pure, rich blood.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Paint Values

The practical painter says, Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is cheap paint for a good house because it lasts twice as long. It's good paint for a cheap house because it beautifies and preserves it.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

represents the only true principle of scientific paint making, combining the highest degree of beauty with the greatest covering capacity and durability. It is a dependable paint. It does not lose its lustre. It does not peel, crack or chalk off. Guaranteed to wear five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

Good Quality

and GOOD MEASURE means much in the grocery business; they mean much to consumers of groceries, and when you can have them at ordinary prices the grocer supplying them is likely to have a stronghold upon his trade.

Our Sartoria Coffee is an eye openet to most people who have never tasted an ideal cup of coffee. We sell it for 25c a pound. Equal to most coffee at 30c a pound.

10 pound Jersey Sweet potatoes for 25c.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
LEON CURTIS,
of Keating township.

THE campaign does not warm up much this year.

J. K. P. HALL, chairman of the State Democratic committee is ill at his home in Ridgway and is thereby prevented from personally conducting the Democratic campaign.

"TRADES unions may cease to work for reasons satisfactory to their members, but if they combine to prevent others from obtaining work the combination is unlawful." This in brief is the opinion handed down Tuesday by Justice Dean in the Supreme Court in a case involving rights of unions as brought forth by the Allied Building Trades Organization and the Plumbers' League of Philadelphia. By the opinion the decision of the lower court is sustained.

THE court reporter for some of the Bradford papers spoke rather sarcastically last week about Humane Agent Driscoll's efforts to advance that noble cause. The writer knows Mr. Driscoll fairly well and is also somewhat familiar with the cases in court which brought forth this sarcastic criticism and why this gentleman should be censured for his action in these cases is beyond our understanding. The duties of a humane agent are anything but pleasant at best and, as Mr. Driscoll is undoubtedly putting forth his very best efforts to improve the circumstances of neglected and abused children as well as dumb animals, we think the least the general public can do is to encourage him in his work.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1903.

Politicians here believe there will be no currency legislation until after the presidential election. Representative Hill, of Connecticut, ranking member of the last House Committee on Banking and Currency, says many Republicans are discussing a plan of submitting the question of financial legislation to a joint committee which will investigate the need of currency reforms and make recommendations to Congress. The committee will either be named by Congress or appointed by the President from members of both Houses. It is believed that Congress would pay little heed to a committee composed of outsiders. While it is not certain that Congress would accept the recommendations of the committee, its appointment is regarded as a wise move for several reasons. It would give the Republican factions an opportunity to argue their differences outside of the House, it might find a measure upon which they could all agree, and it would postpone any legislation on this difficult subject until after the Presidential election. The party could thus go before the country without showing any lack of harmony. Secretary Shaw, Senator Aldrich and Representative Fowler all have different plans for currency reform, Speaker Cannon is not certain that any is needed and the National Bankers' Association has recently appointed a committee to solve the problem. It is thought that these different interests should not be allowed to conflict in a session preceding a Presidential campaign. It is for the same reason that even those Republicans who favor it have decided to postpone tariff revision.

In the meantime Secretary Shaw is doing all he can to relieve any money stringency. Since September 1 he has placed in circulation a total of $22,274,300. He has done this by increasing the government deposits in the national banks and by the refunding and redemption operations now in progress. It is hoped that the Secretary can prevent a money stringency and thus remove all danger to the business world from the posponement of currency legislation.

With the adjournment last week of the Washington grand jury, the first stage of the postal investigation was passed. There are now thirty persons awaiting trial on charges of defrauding the government through the Postoffice Department. Against many of them there are several indictments; Machen must answer to fourteen and Beavers to six. Among those accused are a former postmaster general and six others who held important positions in the department, an ex-member of Congress and a State Senator from New York, a Pennsylvania mayor and a number of private citizens who furnished supplies to the department. Most of the trials will take place in Washington and will begin this fall. They are expected to drag on through next summer. Mr. Bristow's report will soon be given to the President and the Postmaster General intimates that there will be several changes and dismissals in the department, made on the advice of those who have conducted the investigations. This will end the investigation as far as the department is concerned. It is regarded as certain that the Republicans will call for a Congressional investigation and as postal affairs are sure to enter politics the coming House committee on postoffices and post roads will assume unusual importance. It is believed that Representative Overstreet of Indiana will be appointed to this important position, to which his experience as a politician and skill as a party leader seem to entitle him. He is secretary of the National Republican Congressional committee. In this way the Republicans believe they will be able to meet the expected assaults of the Democrats on the Postoffice Department.

From recent political gossip the following is interesting as showing the sentiment of some of the people of the South against President Roosevelt. Mayor Smyth of Charleston said in an interview: "The South has no candidates. It is anybody to beat Roosevelt, who is most cordially disliked on account of his attitude on the race question. Formerly he was popular with us. When he was in Charleston during the exposition he promised me, in the presence of two other gentlemen, that no colored man would be appointed to office in our State. He had hardly returned to Washington before he did the very thing he promised he would not do." Even if he named his two witnesses, Mayor Smyth will have great difficulty in convincing anyone that President Roosevelt ever made him such a promise.

Last Thursday the President had as a guest at luncheon Attorney Polk, who has become famous through his relentless prosecution of the St. Louis boodlers. Plans were discussed for adding bribery to the list of crimes mentioned in the extradition treaties with foreign countries. Mr. Polk is deeply interested in such a measure as several of the men whom he had indicted have taken refuge in Canada or Mexico. He believed that the agreements with foreign countries should be made retroactive in order to make it possible to get possession of those who are already indicted. The President showed much enthusiasm for the plan and Secretary Hay was sent for, to whom Mr. Polk explained his case. The Secretary promised to take such steps as seemed practicable and as soon as possible.

On October 8 Mr. Conger, our minister at Peking, signed an important commercial treaty with China. The principal terms of the treaty are the abolishment by China of the likin or vexatious internal tariff which has made trade with the Empire so difficult, the recognition of Americans' right of residence throughout the Empire for missionary work; the protection of patents, trademarks and copyrights; the revision of the mining regulations, so that American and other capital can develop the immense mineral resources of China; the granting of the right to carry on trade, industries and manufactures in all open ports of China; the promise on the part of the Chinese government to provide for a uniform coinage which will be legal tender throughout the Empire, and the opening of two ports in Manchuria.

Correspondence.

ANNIN CREEK.

Rev. Wm. Windsor lectured in the M. E. church Saturday and Sunday evenings on temperance and prohibition. Mr. Windsor is an able speaker on the subject.

H. N. Harder harvested about ten bushels of peaches from his orchard this season and they were as fine as are generally found in our markets.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wightman of Clermont were visiting here last week. They were moving their goods to Bolivar, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Straite have gone to Bolivar, where they expect to move their goods in the near future.

Frank Holcomb and Clarence Tubbs have purchased a hay press and are now doing the pressing act.

Mrs. C. L. Davie of Bolivar is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Straite.

Joel Cooper has recently put up some new doors to his barn.

Mrs. J. S. Hodges returned from Olean Monday after a visit.

The farmers here are harvesting a large crop of apples.

Potatoes are rotting quite badly.

California Excursion.

On account American Bankers' meeting at San Francisco, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 7 to 16 special excursion tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at rate $81.70 good returning to Nov. 30th. Splendid through Pullman standard and tourist sleepers. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Hotham, N. Y.

Subscribe for the MINER.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

FURS.

An unequalled showing of new and effective styles for the coming season. Fine Near Seal Jackets $35.00 to $50.00. Stoles, Scarfs and Muffs $4.75 to $75.00.

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS.

An immense showing of smart new garments at prices you cannot afford to pass.

Ladies' Tailor Made Suits $12.50 to $50.00.
Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats $10.00 to $40.00.
Ladies' Walking Skirts $3.50 to $12.00.
Ladies' Dress Skirts $5.00 to $15.00.
Shirt Waists, cotton, flannel, silk and velvet, $1.00 to $15.00
Children's Winter Coats $2.50 to $8.00.
Children's Wool Dresses, sizes 4 to 15 yrs, $1.98 to $6.50.

This store is recognized as headquarters for Furniture and Carpets. New Fall Styles now ready.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce
Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited.

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DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terhune Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier.

H. W. RUBIN.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to D. C. YOUNG'S store, corner of Main and Union Streets, and buy your goods. Prices the lowest and stock the largest of any in town.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

given with every cash purchase.

Call and look over premiums which will be given with every book filled with Purple Trading Stamps. Fourteen other business places associated with me in using Purple Trading Stamps. You can fill a book quickly and get the best premiums ever offered.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doings is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Standard Patterns.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Queen Quality Shoes for Women. Packard Shoes for Men.

We give
Double Trading Stamps Saturday.

AUTUMN EXHIBIT OF
TAILORED SUITS, WRAPS AND FURS.

For several years we have been known as headquarters for Women's Wear of every description and we have held our leadership season after season by improving our facilities for knowing and adapting coming fashions.

This year we have taken another long stride and our Autumn Exhibit, which begins this week Friday, is not only the most extensive we have ever made but is a

Complete Exposition of Everything New and Stylish.

COATS AND JACKETS.

Our stock this season is stronger than in former years—more stylish and a larger range of sizes. Prices range from $5.00 to $30.00.

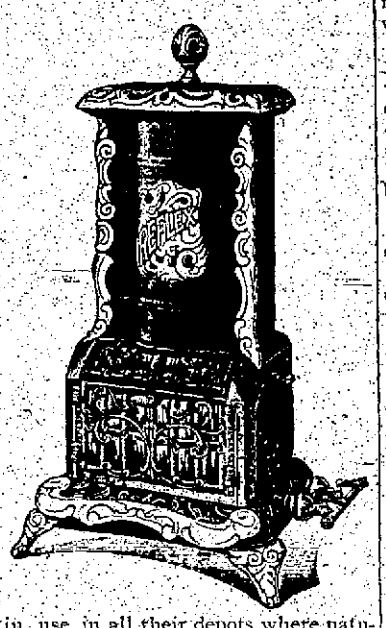
Walking Suits from $10.00 to $22.00.
Walking Skirts from $3.50 to $10.00.

FURS.

The flat effects are the correct styles. We have them in martin, black lynx, sable fox and squirrel from $8.00 to $25.00.
Many other styles of neck furs from $1.00 to $5.00.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Nearly everybody is out hunting to-day.

—The Burdick murder mystery at Buffalo has been dramatized.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anderson on Wednesday, Oct. 14, a 10-pound boy.

—A new stone walk is being laid in front of the Odd Fellows' block on Main street.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup entertained a number of friends at cards last evening.

—"A Run on the Bank" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, Oct. 20.

—Emma Booth-Tucker, head of the Salvation Army of America, visited Bradford Tuesday.

—Miss Agnes McCoy entertained a few friends at a rarebit party last Thursday evening.

—The depot at Galeton was struck by lightning and damaged to the amount of $1,000 last week.

—The next meeting of the Chautauqua Circle will be held in the auditorium of the Baptist church next Monday.

—The first meeting of Misses Mitchell & Gallup's dancing class at the hose house last night was a decided success.

—The Dunkirk football team was defeated by the Bradford Athletic Club team at Bradford Sunday by a score of 46 to 0.

—W. S. Palmer, who was seriously injured on the P., S. & N. R. R. at Coryville some time ago, is improving rapidly.

—"What would the nation be without women? asks a magazine writer, to which a country editor replies—"That's easy. Stag nation."

—A number of sidewalks in this borough are very much in need of repairs. The proper authorities should see that this work is done at once.

—Edward Doheny, the Pittsburg National League pitcher, went violently insane last Sunday and nearly killed his nurse. He has been placed in an asylum.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gaffney of Kane, October 3, a daughter. Mrs. Gaffney was formerly Miss Alice Badger of Smethport.

—Two American fishing boats were caught while engaged in drawing nets on the Canadian side of Lake Erie, near Erie on Tuesday.

—The Recorder is a new newspaper venture started by A. L. Corwin at Roulette. We wish Mr. Corwin success in his new undertaking.

—The Swedish Lutheran church congregation is having a new stone walk placed in front of the church property on Fulton street.

—To swell their clubhouse fund the Travellers' are going to hold a Rummage Sale at the Hamilton block next Wednesday and Thursday, October 21 and 22.

—A Chicago policeman prevented a suicide in the Chicago river recently by covering the man with his revolver and declaring him under arrest. The man swam out.

—"Along the Kennebec" was the attraction at Kane Saturday evening and Monday's Republican speaks well of the production, especially of Maurice Haswell's singing.

—Mr. F. W. Millspaugh, graduate of Warner's Business College, has resigned his position at Olean and secured a much better one as stenographer for a firm at Syracuse, N. Y.

—Antonio Navarro, who was arrested near Smethport a few weeks ago on the charge of murdering John Ghrominski in Buffalo, was acquitted in the Buffalo courts Tuesday.

—The chances seem fairly good that we will have a football team here this year. For the past few days a number of the boys have been warming up a little and they seem to take considerable interest in putting a team in the field.

—The Boston American League base ball team won the world's championship by winning five out of eight games from the Pittsburg National League team. Had not the Pittsburg team been badly crippled the result would probably have been different.

—Edward Moran was lodged in jail yesterday to await trial on the charge of breaking into a house on the West Branch, near Bradford. For some time the residents of this locality have been troubled with housebreakers, and this is the first arrest made. These burglaries had become so frequent that last week a resident of that place asked the county commissioners for protection. We hope this arrest will be the means of breaking up this gang which is undoubtedly composed of local talent.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. will run an excursion from Shawmut and intermediate stations to the Loop-the-Loop, above Kasson, and to Smethport on Sunday next. The train will arrive here at 12:55 p. m. and leave at 2 p. m. A large delegation is expected.

—Calvin Cowles of Bradford, who was tried at Ridgway this week for shooting his wife with intent to kill, was found guilty and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. "Count" Stanley Lewis, who attempted to shoot Charles Woodcomb for alienating his wife's affections, was acquitted.

—Elmer C. Beatty was attacked by two highwaymen while going to his home in Bradford last night. He put up a fight and was shot through the hand. The would-be highwaymen escaped and Beatty was unable to give an accurate description of them. His injury is not serious.

—Parents, if you allow your little boys and girls to run the streets night after night all the churches and Epworth Leagues and kindred societies this side of heaven cannot stop them from going down hill and you are to blame for it. You ought to be old enough to know that the devil gets in his best licks at night.—Ex.

—David Cornelius, aged 93 years, died on Sunday night at his home at Bolivar Run, after an extended illness with a complication of ailments. Mr. Cornelius was a resident of Farmers Valley years ago and is well known throughout the county. He was one of the early settlers of the Valley. He has many relatives living in Smethport and vicinity.

—Rev. P. D. Jacobus, pastor of the First Baptist church of Port Allegany, will preach in the First Baptist church of this place next Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Jacobus has been pastor at Port Allegany for nearly a year and has made a splendid record, large numbers having joined the church there in that time. Rev. P. S. Calvin will supply the Port Allegany church next Sunday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, Oct. 18th, St. Luke's Day, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special music has been arranged for St. Luke's Day and both choirs will be combined for the evening service. The subjects for the day will be "Fidelity" and "The Battle With the Giant." The rector has asked a general attendance of all members at the services on the patronal feast day of the parish.

—Will Smith, the 14-year-old boy who disappeared from the city on Monday with $112 belonging to the Union Pacific Tea Company, has been placed under arrest at Blossburg. The lad went there to visit relatives and was turned over to the police authorities. He will be brought back to Bradford to-day and will probably be sent to the reform school at Huntingdon. When taken into custody the boy had but little of the stolen money in his possession. Before leaving Bradford he presented $31 of the money to youthful friends, who subsequently returned the amount to the police.—Bradford Era.

—Last Saturday was observed by the Travellers' Club as its annual children's day. The entertainment, given entirely by children, was opened by a marching exercise of the "wee" ones led by Leona Hogarth, who carried the American flag. Then came the infant exhibit which was an unique and a very pleasing feature. This was followed by the older children who gave instrumental and vocal music, reading and recitations. The ladies of the committee on entertainment, Mrs. Wells, chairman, and Mesdames Bouton, Burdick, Powell, Bell, Gallup and Baker, furnished delicious refreshments for all present.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Dining room room chairs for sale cheap. Inquire of F. W. Brownell, sec'y trustees M. E. church.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has had the Bell telephone placed in his office. Call number 21.

Just received a new lot of watches and jewelry at Holder's, the Carter store.

FALL and WINTER MILLINERY OPENING.

Friday and Saturday we will show a large and beautiful line of ladies' and children's trimmed hats. You will find all the latest ideas in up-to-date millinery at the lowest prices.

We invite you all to see our display.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle visited in Bradford this week.

Mrs. B. G. McFall of Eldred is visiting in town.

F. D. Gallup had business in Kane last Saturday.

Mrs. James McGuire is visiting in New York city.

Mrs. W. F. Specht was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

H. H. Redfield returned from New York Friday evening.

Mrs. H. F. Barbour of Bradford is visiting Mrs. John Forrest.

James Doyle, Jr., of Mt. Jewett visited relatives here this week.

Attorney R. B. Stone of Bradford had business in town yesterday.

Editor A. D. Gould of the Eldred Eagle was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin visited her mother, Mrs. S. McClure, in town this week.

Miss Mayme Hinman has returned from a visit with her sisters at Austin and Roulette.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Brown of Hazelhurst were guests of friends in town Tuesday.

Editor R. P. Habgood of the Bradford Evening Star was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin and daughter, Mrs. J. Hebel McCandless, are visiting in Buffalo this week.

Miss Anna Griffith, who has been visiting Miss Agnes McCoy, has returned to her home in Kane.

Miss Marie Jackson of Port Allegany spent Sunday in town the guest of her uncle, Mrs. F. G. Lindholm.

Leon Wolters of Manistee, Mich., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. S. McClure, in this borough this week.

Mrs James George, nee Anna Powell, of New Kensington, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, on Water street.

Mrs. B. D. Ames has returned from Bradford where she was caring for her sister, Mrs. M. K. Palmer, during her illness. Mrs. Palmer is improving.

A. W. Mitchell of Parkersburg, W. Va., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell. Arthur is convalescing from a slight attack of fever.

Col. and Mrs. Melville M. Gillette returned to Smethport Friday evening after an extended visit in Europe. While in Vienna Col. Gillette was operated on for appendicitis and he is getting along nicely.

Get your oysters at Harrington's Restaurant. They are the best.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT ONLY,

Tuesday, October 20.

THE FOUNTAIN HEADS OF COMEDY

THOSE FUNNY FELLOWS

PERCY & HAROLD

IN THE

FURIOUSLY FUNNY FARCE COMEDY

A Run On The Bank.

20 Merry Makers and Singers Mostly Friends of Yours. 20

SURPRISES IN SONG.

Comely Comediennes.

Gorgeous Costumes.

SUPERB SCENERY

Extravagant With Electricity.

DAINTY MAIDENS

In Delightful Doings.

Success!

A Commercial or Shorthand Course means success. The success of our graduates the past 21 years is positive proof. Students begin any time; individual instruction.

Send for booklet and rates. No agents.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
Olean, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

FURS

A superb stock of fine furs for the season of 1903 is now on sale here.

We have a bigger selection and better values than ever before and guarantee to meet your fur needs at the best possible advantage to you.

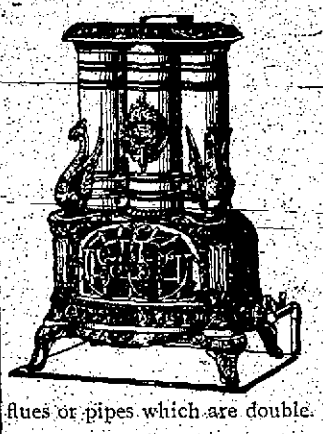
Our assortment includes all the new styles and shapes made to our order from the best grades of popular skins. They are being sold in a way that is at the least 10 per cent under the high rent city store prices.

Scarfs and Muff $1.00 to $47.50.
Seal Jackets $35.00 to $47.50.

FALL WAISTS

The waists this fall are a radical departure from other years, that that much use is made of the fine cotton vestings. The change will please you we are sure. Of course flannels and silks are not lost sight of, but honors are certainly divided. You'll find pleasure and profit in looking them over.

Prices $1.00 to $5.75.



We can make it an object for you to use our

Garnet Jewel Heaters.

The Most Effective Heater for Natural Gas Made.

This Heater consists essentially of a roomy fire chamber and three circulating and radiating flues or pipes which are double.

The fire chamber is amply supplied with incadescent fuel, which when heated has the appearance of glowing coals. The fire chamber has a cast bottom on which rest two powerful burners, which may be easily removed for cleaning. Either one or both may be operated according to the amount of heat required. It will pay you to see our line of Heaters before purchasing.

Trading Stamps given.

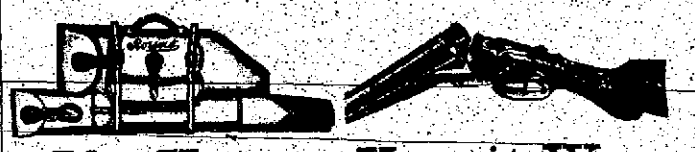
HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

A CARD.

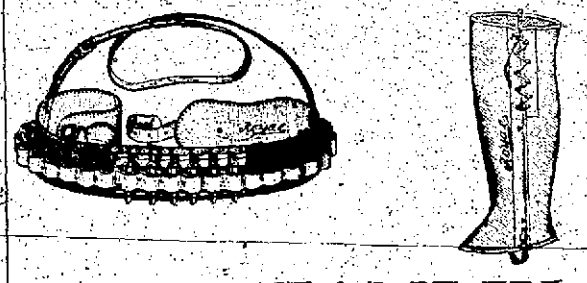
We are now buying our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

PRILL,
ART JEWELER,
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

HEADQUARTERS
For Guns and Sporting Goods.



If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.



J. C. HAMLIN

When All's Fair

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

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It was a quiet little stream lagging along between banks lined with alders, with here and there a pine looming its giant cone above its lesser neighbors. Thin bluish flags fringed the shallows at its edges, and in the swampy places where the banks were low there was a riot of purple blossoms. Yellow hammers winged to and fro in swift flight, and dragon flies hung above the water, surveying themselves in the limpid depths.

In one place for some score of yards the banks were higher, the alder green was broken and the green meadow land gained the water's very edge. In the center of this open space and close to the banks stood a solitary beech. Against the trunk of the beech reclined a girl as she dangled a line in the brook. Her head was bare, her brown hair in fine disarray, and her sleeves, rolled to the elbows, displayed a pair of well tanned and shapely arms. Her head rested easily on the trunk of the beech. She was thinking her pose must be quite fetching.

So thought the young man who broke through the alders on the other side of the stream. He was a tall, well knit young man. His face was cast in a solemn mold, but a twinkle in the deep set eyes and a restive twitching of the corners of his mouth gave assurance of a saving humor.

At the sight of the young man the girl sat primly erect, a flush of annoyance rose to her cheeks, and after a sudden flush of anger from her eyes she gazed steadfastly at the point where her line made little eddies in the water. On his part, the young man started and cast in her direction a glance of undeniable surprise—he had practiced it all the way down from the road. Then, as he noted it had been lost to her downcast eyes, he seated himself on the bank directly opposite her, at the same time giving utterance to a sigh which was entirely unfeigned and unpracticed. He was

FROM THE OTHER BANK CAME A SCREAM.

thinking what several kinds of an immortal idiot he had been to quarrel with her. Then he produced a rod and line and without undue ostentation began his angling.

Now there was a vast difference between the outfits of the opposite Waltons. The girl's rod was of split bamboo. An oil silk line ran through its little rings and was wound about a reel of the latest design. Moreover, attached to the line was a hook on which a wriggling angleworm was impaled. The man's rod, on the contrary, was merely a newly cut and trimmed alder shoot. His line was nothing more than bundle twine, and had one observed carefully he would have found at its end no hook at all, but merely a fair sized pebble.

The young man fished faithfully. He gave the line sundry quick jerks and then lowered it again. He trolled it to and fro. He worked it under the bank, and all the time the girl on the opposite bank sat immovable, her eyes glued on the eddies. Hard lines appeared about her mouth—lines which said this spot was hers by the right of possession and that she intended to hold it against all intrusion. The man began watching these lines and found them far more engrossing than active fishing. Presently he uttered another ponderous sigh. Then he quietly laid aside the rod and observed loud enough for the girl to hear:

"Nothing breth in this place save the foul mosquito and the stings of an oversensitive conscience. I will read me my tome."

At the sound of his voice the girl looked up, but as quickly lowered her eyes. He fancied he caught the sound of a scornful sniff. Undismayed, he drew a small brown volume from his pocket and began to read aloud:

"Yet it behooveth not always a man to give way to unreasonableness. Meekness, being leavened by an element of firmness"— Here he paused and evidently turned back to the title, for he said, "On the Fatuity of Quarreling." Then he turned several pages and began afresh:

"For, lo, she doth but lead thee forth to mock at thy discomfiture. Thou art even as a lamb led to the slaughter." Again the reverting to the title with the result, "The Inconsistency of Woman."

An angry flush overspread the girl's cheek. The rod trembled in her hands, and the line cut little circles in the water. Could she have read the title of the disquieting volume—which, by the way, the young man held upside down—she would have found it "An Abridged Edition of Hood's Poems."

Again the man turned the pages slowly, and this time he read the title first, "How to Escape the Snares of Matrimony." There was an angry swish. Her line came out of the stream, and she rose in wrathful determination. But as she did so an alarmed and tremulous "O-oh!" escaped her lips. The young man risked a covert glance over the top, or, rather, the bottom, of his book. Some rods beyond the girl was a cow peacefully surveying the landscape. Immediately his eyes were on the book again, and he was mumbling away rapidly. From the other bank came a smothered scream. The cow was approaching. The young man sprang up.

"Don't be alarmed!" he called cheerfully. "I'll be over in a second."

He waded into the brook. Half way across he sank to his knees and then, although he had to drop to his elbows to do it, he disappeared beneath the water. The girl watched breathless. The young man took his time about reappearing. Little breath bubbles came to the surface. She clutched her hands and set her teeth. Was it mud or cramps? Just as she felt she must cry out his name he appeared close to the bank and scrambled wet and dripping to her side.

"Walk over to the wall," he said. "I will be close behind you." Arrived at the wall, he swung her over and vaulted it himself. They stood in a wide orchard, the girl rather shaken, the man grave and self possessed.

"Don't let me intrude further," he said coldly. "There will be no more cows between you and the house."

He bowed and turned on his heel, but the girl said chokingly, "Tom, don't go like that—please."

It ended by Tom starting back for a little box which had been returned to him the previous evening. When he reached the brook the cow lay beneath the beech contentedly chewing her cud. He stopped to pat her.

"Poor old boss!" he observed. "That trail of green apples from the pasture worked like a charm, eh? Hope you don't get the colic, old lady," he added sympathetically.

Brain Weight.

The brain cannot do its work without an abundance of pure, well nourished blood. Other things being equal, a heavier brain implies greater mental power, and one scientist finds that persons employed in industries where the nourishment of the body is apt to be insufficient and the muscular exercise slight show, as a rule, higher brains than do more favorably circumstanced persons.

Blacksmiths and metal workers in general have heavier brains than coachmen, but the latter exceed carpenters in brain weight, and carpenters exceed persons employed in clothing industries, while at the bottom of the scale stand those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, who are apt to do more or less drinking themselves.

It would also appear that the weight of the brain may be increased by the direct exercise of its own function, men of mental training showing, as a rule, greater brain weight than others. It should be remembered that the size of the head cannot be taken as a trustworthy index of the weight of the brain. The organic quality is the main thing.—London Express.

Above and Below Proof.

Before the means of determining the true quantity of alcohol in spirits were known dealers employed a very rude method to form a notion of the "strength." A given quantity of the spirit was poured upon gunpowder in a dish and set on fire. If the gunpowder continued dry enough, it took fire and exploded, but if it had been dampened by the water in the spirits the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire.

This was called the "proof." Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be "above proof," those that did not set fire to it were said to be "below proof," but this did not fix the strength.

Clark, in his hydrometer, which was invented about the year 1730, fixed the strength of proof spirits on the stem, at the specific gravity of 0.920, at the temperature of 60 degrees. This is the strength at which proof spirit is fixed by act of parliament, and at this strength it is no more than a mixture of forty-nine pounds of pure alcohol with fifty-one pounds of pure water.—London Standard.

Preferred the Men to Talk.

A Philadelphia writer who belongs to the Society of Friends is a charming story teller. Here is one from his store of Quaker anecdotes.

"The story goes," he said, "that loud talking among the congregation once interrupted a certain Friends' meeting. The women at this meeting sat on one side of the room, the men on the other. The speaker, when the talking became intolerable, paused and looked at the audience reproachfully.

"A woman, rising, said to him:

"'I beg thee to take notice that the talking you object to comes not from our, but from the men's, side of the house.'

"The speaker smiled upon her. 'So much the better, good woman; so much the better,' he said. 'It will be the [illegible] over.'"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

TO MOW DOWN YANKEES.

The Chain Shot Cannon That Was Invented by a Georgian.

A double barreled cannon designed to sweep down whole regiments of Union soldiers is one of the relics of the civil war and is perhaps the only "shooting iron" of the kind in the world.

Immediately after war was declared an iron worker named John Gilleland, then employed in one of the Athens foundries, decided that he could make a cannon with two barrels which should be more effective than a dozen of the usual kind. The death dealing invention was to be charged with iron balls of a nonexplosive nature, to which was to be attached a long stout chain, so that when the two barrels were fired simultaneously the balls and chain would mow down men by companies.

The cannon was cast. When it was entirely finished the inventor invited a number of his friends to a pine thicket on a hill on the outskirts of the city to see it work. The double barreled thing was placed in position on the hillside and a heavy charge of powder rammed home in each barrel and the chained balls loaded on top of this. The inventor's friends kept at a safe distance, and he applied the fuse. One charge of powder and ball "went off," but the other didn't. As the heavy ball shot out it carried with it the chain to the full length, ripping and cavorting around, over and under the pine saplings, rocks and mud, tearing up small trees and earth, and finally came circling back to the cannon which held the other ball with chain attached. The inventor was struck on one arm by the ball, now nearly spent, and knocked senseless, while friends feared to go near, supposing that the other barrel might take a notion to discharge. It was some time before the discharged ball lay motionless near the upturned cannon. The inventor's arm was shattered, making amputation necessary.

This was the first and last trial of the cannon which was to mow down the Yankees. Mr. Gilleland lost hope and interest with his arm, and the cannon was permitted to remain on the hill for many months, but was finally carted into the city, where for years it did most effective duty in celebrating elections and Christmas day. By and by the old death dealer was missed from its place near the old city hall, and no one seemed to know what had become of it. Finally, after diligent search, it was found in a junk shop. From this place it was resurrected, and the city council made an appropriation sufficient to have it mounted and placed near the Confederate monument, immediately opposite the government building.

The Cow and the Ox in India.

Few people travelling in India can fail to notice the part played, whether in the flesh or its representation, by the cow and the ox. Sacred cattle wander unmolested and unmolesting through the streets of the cities, more especially in the south, generally decorated with garlands of flowers; stone "nandis," the bulls of Siva, keep guard before his temples and round his tanks; they are portrayed in fresco or in carving on the walls of many a rock cavern. Oxen turn mills, plow the land, are the drawers and carriers of water and, above all, are invaluable for drawing loads. Cattle, as is well known, are by Hindoos held in great and superstitious reverence, Ganges water poured over a cow's tail being equivalent to the kissing of the sacred book or taking an oath. Yet, unfortunately, the draft bull often receives very rough treatment at his driver's hands. So long as the animal's life is not taken ill treatment counts as nothing among these people who regard the brutes as sacred.

Sudden Lapse of Memory.

"I saw the whole thing," said the passenger with the nose glasses. "I was standing on the front platform when the car hit the wagon. It was all the fault of the blamed driver. He started to cross the track when the car wasn't ten feet away. The motorman shut off the power and put on the brakes, but he couldn't stop in time. Some of these fool drivers are always doing that sort of thing. It would serve 'em right if"—

Here a policeman with a notebook came along.

"Did you see how this happened?" he asked.

"Me?" said the man with the nose glasses, "Gosh, no! I don't know a thing about it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Doubting Father.

Mr. George Manville Fenn was in the Reform club one afternoon, says a London journal, when he noticed that an old gentleman, a friend of his, was looking rather perturbed, so he inquired if there was anything the matter. "Well," said the old gentleman, "the fact is my son has got a play coming out tonight, and I fear it will be a ghastly failure. He can write pretty little plays when he likes, but this one he has written is a nonsensical sort of a thing, and I'm sure it won't do at all. However, I suppose I must go and see it." The son's name was William S. Gilbert, and the play was "Trial by Jury."

Sick Herrings.

"Why," said a youngster to his elder brother, "do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?"

"Who says they do?" asked the youth addressed.

"Why, this book says that thousands upon thousands of them are cured every year."

Silence Is Golden.

"Of course," said the beginner, "to be successful in politics one must know how to speak."

"Better still," replied the old hand, "he must know how not to speak."—Exchange.

When a woman gives way to anger she begs her own pardon with tears.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

ANCIENT DISEASE.

Smallpox First Described by Arabs In Sixth Century.

The literary as well as the pathologic history of smallpox presents many items of very special interest. All readers of the clouded annals of the "Middle Ages" are acquainted with the fact that Arabian writers were for many centuries the recognized sporties of philosophy and physical science—including the sundry departments of medicine and surgery—to the various nations of western Europe. And it is to one of these, Abu Bekker Mohammed ben Zechariah (A. D. 850-932), the earliest and most original of all the great Moslem physicians, that medical science and medical literature are indebted for the first recognition of smallpox as a distinct disease and its first description in written language. This venerable authority is generally known to posterity as Rhazes, a name which he derived from Rai, the place of his birth. His original description of this formidable disease has been made familiar to English inquirers through the medium of Dr. Greenhill's translation. In addition to his observations on disease proper the powers of observation of Rhazes in physiognomy are demonstrated by such items of information as, "A man with large ears is stupid, but long lived," and in rational therapeutics by his recommendation of the practice of the game of chess as a cure for melancholia. The antiquity of smallpox is, as might well be expected, lost in the midst of ages, but the definite statement has been made by Arab historians that it first appeared in the Abyssinian army of Abraha at the siege of Mecca in the course of the so called "Elephant war" of A. D. 569 (or 571). The legend is given as follows by one of their best historians, Tabari: "Thereupon came the birds of the sea in flocks, every one with three stones, in the claws two, and in the beak one; and they threw the stones upon them. Wherever one of these stones struck there arose an evil wound, and pustules all over. At that time the smallpox first appeared and the bitter trees. The stones undid them wholly. Thereafter God sent a torrent which carried them away and swept them into the sea." Even one of the elephants, having ventured within the sacred inclosures, was struck by a stone and fell a victim to the smallpox. Among the bitter plants which also appeared at that date for the first time, the rue and colcynth are especially mentioned.—American Medicine.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Sulphur for the nests, whitewash for the house and kerosene for the roosts.

Common road dust with a little sulphur mixed in it makes a good dust bath.

On the farm a pound of poultry meat can be grown at less cost than a pound of beef.

Pullets hatched in summer will not lay until spring, and it is rarely best to keep them.

An egg from a good layer will be more likely to produce a good layer than an egg from a poor layer.

Sorghum seed makes a good feed for poultry. When the cane is harvested for molasses the seed should all be saved.

The larger and more scarlet in color the comb is the nearer the pullet has approached the period that she is about to lay.

For good winter layers save the pullets that were hatched early, not later than April, and the yearling hens that molt early.

Knew How to Describe It.

A newspaper woman in a New England town was sent to report an entertainment where amateurs sang, recited and did other stunts. In her account of the affair the woman wrote:

"Mrs. Blank sang two solos with her usual nerve."

"See here," called the editor, "you mean 'verve,' don't you?"

"If you had heard the singing," said the woman reporter, "you would know that I wrote it correct."

"But it will make Mrs. Blank angry."

"Tell her that it was a typographical error. That will appease her wrath, and all who heard her efforts will commend the paper for its truthfulness."

And so it was printed "nerve."—New York Press.

Logan and the Liar.

A man who knew John A. Logan in southern Illinois before the civil war said that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man excitedly. "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol."

"Oh," said Logan calmly, "that won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."

Easy and Effective.

"Before I consent to let you have my daughter," said the square jawed captain of industry, "I want you to answer a question. What would you do if I were to give you $1,000,000?"

After the coroner had viewed the remains and decided that death was due to heart failure caused by a sudden shock the old man lit another cigar and murmured:

"That's worth tryin' again some time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Optimists.

The people who are most skilful at seeing the silver lining to the cloud are usually the umbrellaless ones that blockade your doorway while waiting for the rain to stop.—Judge.

INSURANCE.
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SMETHPORT, PA.
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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broodier.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hakberg, president; Miss Tessie Rayner, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Romney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Bamur.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—C. H. Stellar, C. G. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Jackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE I. BEEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. P. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Garlord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 4:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 2:30 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 13, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:35 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m., New York 10:35 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 p. m., New York 7:30 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:30 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:05 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

7:40 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (7:33 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 05
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 50
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 16
10 26	Smith's Run	11 10
10 33	Woodvale	11 03
10 40	Clermont	10 56
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 4:20 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 4:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

10:25 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 1 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cumming, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 18. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective Sept. 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
1:00	8:10	lv	Mt. Jewett	ar.	8:30	12:10
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant		7:30	11:48
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst		7:26	11:45
5:16	1:55	8:37	Marvindale		7:20	11:38
5:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson		7:25	11:34
5:30	2:07	8:47	Comes		7:18	11:27
6:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport		7:10	11:19
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	p.m.
5:51	3:25	9:14	Smethport		7:20	11:30
5:06	2:37	8:26	Mull n		7:09	11:08
6:01	2:38	8:27	Farmers Valley		7:08	11:07
6:12	2:45	8:37	Coryville		7:00	11:00
6:20	2:50	8:40	Larabee		6:55	10:55

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	Lv Ar	Westward P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.75	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	4.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	4.33	9.18	
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	4.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	4.37	9.26	
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Ild June	7.37	4.42	9.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	4.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	4.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	4.53	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.02	5.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	5.09	10.10	
6.33	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	5.17	10.20	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	5.26	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	5.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond		8.	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.25
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.32
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

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WITH THE ASSISTANCE of BARBARA

By M. E. Benson

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The Baxters considered it altogether likely, the Plymptons felt sure that it would end that way, and the neighbors all looked upon it as good as settled. Yet to Barbara Baxter and Zachariah Plympton matrimony seemed as far off as in the days when they skated on the mill pond together or picked blackberries from the same bush over in Dawson's lot.

Indeed it was very embarrassing to Barbara to have people refer to Zachariah in her presence as if they were engaged when he had never uttered one word that would institute such a relation between them. Mrs. Plympton was kind and motherly, and made all sorts of excuses to get her up to the house on the hill, and Deacon Plympton was benign and gracious, but uncertainty still characterized the situation.

Now there was every reason in the world that Zachariah should come forward. The Plympton farm and the Baxter farm lay side by side. The Plympton farm was high and rolling and the Baxter farm ran along on both sides of the "crik," so that when the deacon failed to get a good crop of hay Brother Baxter *always had a-plenty* to sell him, and if it was a cold, wet summer down in the hollow the deacon could help out with crops from his upland. Clearly the two farms were meant to be farmed together. Zachariah and Barbara were the only representatives of their respective families, and Barbara was pretty and sweet enough to make the most austere anchorite break his vow of celibacy.

The trouble lay with Zachariah's inability to pronounce the fateful word. Ordinarily he was blessed with facility of speech, but when a trying and momentous situation confronted him he *had a habit of pausing on the crucial* syllable and repeating it while he gathered courage to plunge forward. In fact he stuttered, and the more agitated he became the worse he stuttered.

As the years had gone by it had become his custom on Sunday afternoon

SHE FELT HERSELF SEIZED IN A PAIR OF STRONG ARMS.

to stroll down the road till he came to the Baxters' gate and then as if by some sudden inspiration to turn into the front yard. At the Baxters' the elder portion of the family, after a friendly greeting and inquiries regarding the crops, soon grew oblivious of his presence and found occupation in some retired portion of the house or barnyard.

Thus there was no lack of opportunity for him to put the state of his feelings into definite speech. When out in the quiet of a ten acre lot he had often rehearsed the manner in which he would approach the subject, but once in Barbara's presence the appropriate methods he had devised utterly failed him. Her bright eyes seemed dancing with laughter and her red lips curving into a smile of derision at his awkwardness, so that ideas and words became confused in a hopeless tangle.

At last, goaded by hints from his mother, he essayed to put one of these long studied methods to the trial.

Everything was propitious. He sat with Barbara on the front steps without a sign of another human being nearer than half a mile. Not a breath stirred the leaves on the elm over their heads. A crescent moon with its attendant star was just touching the tops of the oaks on the hill. The crickets were chirping, "Now, now, now!"

Neither had spoken for some minutes.

Zachariah cleared his throat.

Barbara gave a scarcely perceptible start and clasped her hands.

"B-B-B-Barb!"

The color mounted in Barbara's cheeks. She gazed intently at her hands in her lap.

"Barb — Barb — Barb — barbed wire ain't no good for fencin' if you're 'tall *ertickler* 'bout your stock."

A wave of despair went over him, here was an awkward pause while he stared fixedly into his hat in consternation. The opportunity that he had worked up so carefully had come and gone and he had accomplished nothing.

The next Sunday, reenforced by the brightest necktie he could buy in the village, he sauntered over his usual course.

Again he sat with Barbara on the front steps and watched the color die out of the western sky, and again he sought to put in practice one of his many plans.

Conversation was fitful, and Barbara was not helping to fill up the gaps.

"Barbara"— Zachariah felt his throat begin to tighten.

Barbara sat up straighter and looked away to the willows across the brook.

"Barbara," Zachariah repeated solemnly, "I want to tell you h-h-h-how h-m-m-much the corn is growin' down in the buck lot."

Clearly no advance had been made this time, and Zachariah went home more discouraged than ever, dreading to meet his mother's searching glance from over her glasses.

The next morning the sun was playing hide and seek with Barbara through the grapevine that spread itself out and clung to the lattice around the stoop. Now it hit the coil of dark hair on the top of her head as she bent over the washtub, and now it gleamed on the firm pink flesh of her bare arm.

Mechanically she gave the white garment a deft turn that sent the water trickling back into the tub and then added it to the heaped basket by her side. Now and again there was a little shake of her head as she bowed over her work which boded mischief to some one.

"Good mornin', Barbara. Ain't you powerful busy? I've been waitin' bout half an hour for you to look up and speak to a feller."

Barbara gave a little start, and a conscious flush swept over her face as she turned and looked down on the tall, broad chested young man standing on the grass near her, his much bettered straw hat pushed back from his bronzed forehead and his large, strong face beaming with pleasure.

"Why, Zech Plympton! What on earth you doin' down here this time of day. I thought you plowin' over in the south lot."

"Well, I did mean to, but mother wanted me to do an errant for her 'fore I hitched up."

He put a basket carefully down on the edge of the steps.

"She wants to know if you don't w-w-w-w-want to s-s-s-s"—

"Set the day? Why, Zech, you're dreadful sudden. I'll have to ask pa and ma first."

She fell to rubbing up and down the washboard with violent industry.

Crash—a baker's dozen of eggs splashed their yellow centers over the stones at the foot of the steps, and she felt herself seized in a pair of strong arms.

"It's done! *It's done!*" shouted Zachariah. "If that wa'n't the toughest job I've hitched on to in all my life! But it's all right, ain't it, Barbara? And we'll be married 'fore Thanksgivin', won't we?"

Mrs. Baxter, coming around the corner of the house with a pan of vegetables she had been gathering, paused in astonishment.

"Sakes alive! If that don't beat all!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Well, well, it looks likely Zachariah 'n'd be here to dinner. I guess I'd better go back and git some more of these here string beans. He's a great hand for beans, and I've got a powerful small mess."

Jet.

In his "Mirror of Stones" Camillus Leonardus calls jet "black amber" and states that it possesses the peculiar property of attracting to it, when rubbed, light substances of all kinds. He also tells us that the thin smoke produced by this friction of rubbing was used by the ancient Britains for driving away devils and dissolving spells.

"Jet," says Dr. Young, "appears to be wood in a high state of bituminization." And certainly jet often appears with traces of ligneous structure. At the same time there are specimens of bones which seemingly have been gradually impregnated with and at last wholly replaced by this substance. Among the jet rock there is found a liquid hydrocarbon, somewhat resembling petroleum oil, which occurs in the cavities of ammonites, etc., and is also sometimes found in nodules, the presence of which is generally supposed to point to a rich vein of jet.

From these and other observations it would appear that jet existed as a liquid substance and that this substance gradually permeated between the laminations of the shales, etc., covering over or in some cases entirely replacing any woody matter which it met with.—New York Post.

The Retort Courteous.

It was a rainy day, the Broadway car was crowded even more than usual, and the conductor's temper was even shorter than usual. At Chambers street a woman signaled that she wished to alight, but when the car came to a stop she was *unable to do so* because a huge truck which had become stalled in the tangle of vehicles barred her way to the sidewalk.

It was then that the conductor proved he had an astonishingly extensive vocabulary for a man in his station of life. Addressing the truck driver, he began by asking him what in hades he meant by stopping there when he saw that a lady wanted to get off. And then for a full two minutes he indulged in a flow of language that experienced not a second's interruption.

During the harangue the driver sat listening attentively, while the rain dripped from his hat down over his rubicund countenance. When the conductor at last had finished a look of admiration settled upon the driver's features.

"Say," he called back to the conductor, "youse oughter write a book!"—New York Press.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Wasted Ones. How Uncle Sam Gets Over a Million a Year.

An experienced clerk in a branch post office uptown says that Uncle Sam is in pocket every year more than $1,000,000 by purchase of postage stamps which never are used.

"How many stamps," he says, "do you lose through carrying them carelessly in your pocket and having them put again glued together and useless? How many do you put in a corner of your pocketbook, finding them again months later looking like anything but postage stamps? Of course nobody ever thinks of sending such stamps in for redemption. Suppose the waste I am speaking of averaged 20 cents annually for each business man. The total would be enormous.

"Hot weather was a great revenue maker for the government before the little oiled books came in; but many persons lose their books, and the average is about the same. Some persons actually come back to the stamp window and ask if lost stamp books can be traced, like bank books. Another way in which Uncle Sam gains is through tradesmen sending out letters inclosing stamped addressed envelopes for replies, which in the majority of cases are never used.

"Some business houses collect such envelopes and redeem them, but few take the trouble to do this. Think of the thousands of return postal cards, too, that are never used. Lots of persons are careless of putting stamps on letters or papers, and they fall off. Then the matter is held up for double postage on the other end of the line.

"A great many persons put on too much postage. They slap two two-cent stamps on a letter that would have gone for 2 cents. It is amazing how little information usually well informed persons have about different classes of mail matter. The pay for it, too, and pay well. The beauty of our postal system is that the government gets the benefit of all mistakes."—New York Press.

GETTING TO SLEEP.

Some Points About the Art of Wooing Peaceful Slumber.

All conditions must be favorable to sleep. The bedroom should be quiet, dark and airy. In winter it is better to have the window away up than to shut it so that a knife edged draft shall chill an exposed shoulder. The temperature of the bed should be agreeable. Getting to sleep when the feet are cold is as slow a job as getting to sleep when hungry. A hot water bottle in one case and a piece of bread and butter in the other will help things. I leave it to you to decide which is for which. A warm bed in winter is easily got, but a cool bed in summer is not so simple a proposition. However, a sheet made of straw matting interposed between the regular sheet and the mattress will be found to mitigate sensibly the horrors of a hot night. It preserves the softness and springiness of the bed and yet is pleasantly cool, without being too cool. Personally I find that sleep comes soonest when I have no pillows at all.

The next thing is to relax utterly. Remember that the corner of the jaw is the citadel of tension. While that is clinched no sleep can come. But most important of all is the disposition of the mind so that sleep can come. The reason why we fail in this is the same as the reason why we fail in other things. We do not very genuinely want to succeed. As we lie stretched out after a busy day, there are so many thoughts that we want to chase after that we drop the notion of sleep, though we know that tomorrow is another day on which we can think. It is all very well to say "Dismiss these thoughts." How to dismiss them is the problem that each must solve.—Harvey Sutherland in Everybody's Magazine.

Possibly So.

"Yes, children," said Uncle Henry, "the fishes in the sea go in schools."

"In swimming schools?" asked the smart nephew, who was planning to enter Yarvale.

"Most of 'em," replied Uncle Henry. "But the sea horses go to riding schools, and the starfishes go to astronomical schools, and the seal goes to a law school, and the swordfish goes to a military school and the sawfish to a manual training school."

"And where does the lobster go?" asked the smart nephew.

"He doesn't go anywhere. He stays at home and practices his college yell."—Judge.

Whistler and Disraeli.

Whistler once came very near to painting a portrait of Disraeli. He had the commission. He went down to the country where Disraeli was, but the great man did not manage to get into the mood. Whistler went away disappointed, and shortly afterward took place a meeting in Whitehall which was the occasion of a well known story. Disraeli put his arm in Whistler's for a little way on the street, bringing from the artist the exclamation, "If only my creditors could see!"

One or the Other.

"Gee whiz," exclaimed the nervy caller, "I haven't another match, and my cigarette has gone out!"

"Well," replied the polite young woman, who could stand it no longer, "you would have had to if it hadn't."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Test.

Mrs. Muggs—That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular cat. What do you think of that?

Mr. Muggs—I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse.—Answers.

Don't misjudge a serious face for a mean one. Remember your fox wears what seems to be a smile.—Schoolmaster.

A MARCH ELOPEMENT

By Howard Sedley

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Sarah Goodheart, daughter of old Deacon Goodheart of the village of Centerport, had lived to reach the age of twenty-five without being married. She hadn't got married for the simple reason that she was too romantic. The deacon was a man who called a spade a spade, and his wife was a woman who made her own soft soap. Where Sarah got her romantic notions was beyond guessing. She had them, though, and they drove away her would be beaux after they had come sparking a time or two.

Sarah could have married Squire Johnson after he had become a widower a year, but the squire popped the question in the parlor instead of out under the apple trees and was refused as having no romance in his soul. She could have married young Kelly as he was about to set up as a lawyer, but he could not write verses, so Sarah knew that there could be no bond of sympathy between them.

The deacon said to his wife:

"What Sarah needs is to fall off the barn and git some of those notions jarred out of her head."

But Sarah waited for her knight to appear, and she did not wait in vain.

THEY WENT DOWN IN A HEAP.

She was sliding downhill alone on a hand sled. The sled had got beyond her control and was making for a big stump when Joe Saunders jumped in and diverted it and saved Sarah's life. In her eyes he was a hero. He agreed with Sarah that he was, and inside of a week he was solid with the romantic girl. He was only a grocery clerk at present, but he had longings and aspirations, which included Sarah's ample dowry. Inside of a month Sarah gave him her heart. It was a heart with a string tied to it, however. They must elope together. As the "old folks" had made no objections to Joe as a son-in-law, he couldn't exactly see why an elopement should come in, but was ready to agree to it.

The hand sled hero appeared in December, the engagement was entered into in January, and the elopement and marriage were to take place in March. That was winding things up pretty promptly, but Sarah had romantic ideas connected with the ides of March. She impressed on her father and mother that there would be a quiet wedding at the Baptist minister's, but quietly arranged all the details of the elopement.

Sarah's plan was to drive twelve miles across country and be married at midnight before a justice of the peace. March highways are rather humpy, and March nights are attended by frosts or bleak winds. Sarah must also leave her chamber by a ladder, and her father had a big dog that didn't cotton to Joe. There were other details the young chevalier didn't exactly like, but interest spurred him onward, and the fatal night found him climbing the deacon's back fence at 10 o'clock. The deacon had a ladder at the barn, and it was found and set up at the right window. Then a low and romantic whistle was uttered between teeth chattering with cold, and Sarah appeared. So did the family dog, and he got in two good bites before he could be kicked off. To complete the romance of the occasion Sarah should have fallen into Joe's arms as she neared the foot of the ladder, but she didn't quite hit it. She fell upon him instead, and they went down in a heap and barked their shins and elbows on the frozen earth.

"Darn this sloping business anyhow!" growled Joe as he got up to find that he had wrenched his back and ripped up a leg of his trousers. "Why can't we wait till tomorrow and then go and be married like other folks?"

"I'll never marry unless I elope—never!" replied Sarah after rubbing her elbows and straightening her hat. "And if you have lost all your romance you can go home."

Ten minutes later they had reached the vehicle hired for the occasion and were driving away. Owing to the bad condition of the roads Joe was fain to drive slowly, but Sarah contended that romance and a gait of at least ten miles an hour went together. Should her baffled father pursue he would have no difficulty in overtaking them on foot. Joe whipped up, and for a bumpety bump of a mile things held together. Then a wheel came off the buggy, and the elopers rolled out on the frozen road in chorus.

"This is too much!" shouted Joe as he arose in anger.

"Did anybody ever elope without some slight accident happening to them?" demanded Sarah. "Of course not. It's all in the romance. We shall probably have at least six more adventures before we stand up to be married, and it will be so nice to talk about them afterward."

The wheel was toggled up, and the romance went on at a slower pace. But two miles farther on in turning out to avoid a mudhole the buggy upset in the ditch, and the lovers had another spill. Two wheels were dished and an axle was broken, and the elopement had come to an end.

"By gum, but I'm glad on it!" exclaimed Joe after looking over the wreck and making sure that it was beyond repair.

"Joseph Saunders, do you know that I am beginning to doubt your love?" replied Sarah between shivers.

"I don't care if you are! I say it was all nonsense to elope. It'll cost me all of $20 to repair this busted buggy, and we are six miles from home and on foot. Why couldn't we have got married same as other folks?"

"Because I am romantic, and you knew it."

"But where's the romance in this?"

"You call yourself a chevalier and can't see the romance of this incident! Have I been mistaken in you since the day you saved my life at the risk of your own?"

"I never risked my life nor saved yours, and I'm no tomfool chevalier."

"Then, sir, I will return to my father's home, and henceforth we meet as strangers."

They returned. She took the lead and the middle of the road, and Joe followed with the horse. The ides of March gamboled around them, and the chill winds howled in the fence corners. No word was spoken between them. Their romance was ended. Joe took the horse to its stable when the long walk was finished, and Sarah entered the house by the kitchen door instead of climbing the ladder.

"That you, Sarah?" asked her father's voice from the head of the stairs as she shut the door.

"Yes."

"Well, you'd better get to bed and stop making a fool of yourself."

Why Not Learn English?

It is well to be able to read and speak one or more foreign languages, but in the agitation for bringing about this laudable "culture" is it not being overlooked that a knowledge of one's native tongue is also well, is indeed more important than knowledge even of French?

Not all of us will have French valets or maids; not all of us will need to read German philosophy and history and science. But can't be got in translation; not all of us will sell goods to Spanish speaking people who have no money to buy goods with and no need for goods, but all of us will have to read, write and speak the English language. And how many of us will ever be able more than to read, write and speak it?

There never was such a language as the English, especially since we Americans have got at it with explorative and inventive minds. To know how to pronounce its wonderful words, to understand exactly what they mean, to have a large and well selected stock of them in our vocabulary—there is a liberal, all round education, one that no man or woman could have without being justly noted everywhere as a person of superior intelligence.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Very Curious Drug.

A very curious drug is one found in certain European countries and which is known as "vinard." A small dose of this, it is asserted on credible authority, produces an irrepressible impulse to do arithmetical problems, presupposing that the person affected has any previous knowledge of arithmetic. Those suffering from the influence of this drug will go to almost any length in their efforts to obtain pencil and paper, and, once provided with these, they will write down columns upon columns of figures and then spend hours and in some cases days trying to add these up. Curiously enough, it is stated that these figures are never worked out to a correct result by those suffering from the effects of "vinard." The end is either death or insanity generally the latter when the mania takes the form of doing endless sums in addition.

The Flesh He Preferred.

It is said of Maxim Gorky, the Russian writer, that he dined at a table d'hote one day in one of his periods of vegetarianism and was much annoyed by the importunities of an old lady who sat opposite him.

"Won't you try, sir," she said, "a little of the chicken?"

"No, madam," Gorky answered.

"Perhaps, then, you would like some of the boiled ham?"

"None, thank you."

"Dear me! But surely you'll have a portion of roast beef?"

"No," said the novelist, continuing to eat vegetables only.

"Some roast mutton?" resumed the indefatigable old lady.

Gorky gave her a stern look. "Let me inform you," he said, "that I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw."

Janauschek Got Even.

The following incident, which occurred in Washington some years ago, illustrates Mme. Janauschek's determination of character and minute sense of justice.

She was staying at a hotel whose management was noted for its smallness. She chanced to break a washbowl and when her bill came found that she was charged with an entire toilet set.

"I only broke a washbowl," she said to the manager.

"But it was a portion of the set," was the answer.

She made no further protest. Presently the occupants of rooms looking on an inner court were startled by a crash. It was followed by another. The manager rushed to Janauschek's room, from whose windows chinaware was being thrown.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It is my toilet set," she answered as she poised the last piece on the window sill. "I purchased it, and I am disposing of it according to my own ideas."

How Yeast Works.

The growth of the yeast plant is so rapid that its individual cells can be seen under the microscope to spring up as buds upon the parent cell and to grow to full size. These presently give off buds themselves that expand in like manner. In the case of the yeast plant the cells remain attached to each other and thus form branches of elongated cells fixed end to end. In other cases the buds drop off, so that the plant never takes any definite shape, but remains as a mass of free cells. If a new cell be formed every minute by each of the cells present you may calculate the number that will be produced in an hour. Thus at the end of the first minute there will be two, in two minutes four, in three minutes eight, and so on. In five minutes there will be thirty-two, in ten minutes the number will have increased to 1,024, and in fifteen minutes there will be 32,768 cells.—Hospital.

Superstitious Hungarian Peasants.

A queer case of superstition which resulted in the loss of two lives is reported from Hungary. A peasant living in Noeztany died of heart disease while attending market in Kurd. His relatives started to take the body home, but were forcibly prevented from carrying the body through the village of Iharos, whose inhabitants believed that the passage of a strange corpse through their town would bring endless misfortune to it. The procession returned to Kurd, and the next day it set out again, this time with an escort of gendarmes. When it reached Iharos it was met by the whole population of the village, armed with scythes, pitchforks, axes and anything that could be used as a weapon. The gendarmes were forced to fire three volleys before they could get through the place. Two of the villagers were killed and many wounded.

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

So important is the kangaroo's tail in his rapid progress that experienced hunters with guns are accustomed to fire at the point where this appendage joins the body, when, the tail being disabled for its office of balancing, the animal is as effectually stopped as if thunderstruck. Hit elsewhere, except with a rifle bullet or at point blank range, the kangaroo is pretty likely to get off.

One peculiarity of the kangaroo is that, after being started up, he very rarely swerves from his course, through which peculiarity he is easily "potted" by hunters, who conceal themselves while a man on horseback drives the herd toward them.

He Watched the Cow.

When Sir Stafford Northcote, afterward the Earl of Iddesleigh, was an officer in a yeomanry regiment in Devonshire one of the men who was leading a small force across the country was taking a rather circuitous instead of a straight course.

"Why don't you keep your eye on a given point?" asked his officer.

"I do, sir."

"Well, what point?"

"That old cow, sir," replied the man.

The earl was often known to use this anecdote when political leaders did not go straight.—Illustrated Bits.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Scothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.

Too Self Possessed.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed.

Papa Manykids (grimly)—Yes; they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

A Just Reward.

"Too bad about Dr. Killem falling into the well, wasn't it?"

"Serves him right. He should have attended to the sick and left the well alone."—Melbourne Australian.

Her Long Dream.

Estelle—Ah! His proposal was just *like a dream*!

Agnes—Well, you ought to know, dear. You've been dreaming of that proposal for years.

Theory and Practice.

Theory is almost always still busy taking aim long after practice has made the bullseye.

When you make one mistake don't make another by trying to lie out of it.

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OLD CITY OF MEXICO

CURIOUS LEGENDS THAT FLOURISH IN THE ANCIENT TOWN.

Its Picturesque Streets, With Their Quaint Customs and Traditions and Singular Names—The Story of the Street of the Raven.

Every old city has its legends, its stories, its peculiar customs and its characteristic quarters. Of all the cities in the new world, Mexico has clustered within it more of legend, history, tradition and quaint customs and people than any other. Almost every street has its story, and these stories cover all the gamut of the picturesque, the horrible, the sentimental and the pathetic.

In its early history the City of Mexico was divided into wards, or quarters, each one of which was the special home of some trade or profession. There was the street or quarter of the shoemakers, the streets of the silversmiths, of the bakers, of the saddle makers, of the butchers, of the watchmakers, of the silk merchants, of the wine sellers and so on. There was even the street of the coffin makers. Many of these old names still exist, though the caste-like character of the streets has somewhat changed. One of the most fashionable streets of the city is Plateros, the street of the silversmiths. Even today there are more jewelry shops on this street than any other kind of business, and here still are to be found the most fashionable jewelry and art curio stores of the city.

The street of the coffin makers still exists and is now very appropriately known as the Street of Death. It is a narrow lane, running the length of only one block.

Cinco de Mayo (5th of May) street was named in commemoration of the decisive advantage gained by Mexican troops over the French, which took place upon that date. This naming of streets, parks and public places after dates is common in Spanish countries.

One end of Cinco de Mayo street enters the Zocalo, the principal square of the city. The Zocalo has seen many historic happenings. There in olden times was the great temple of the Aztecs, which was, with its accompanying base of pyramid, larger than St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church building in the world. There, too, was the palace of Montezuma, in fact, two palaces, both noted, one the old, in which were quartered Cortez and his officers, a building whose vast size excited the admiration of even the Spaniards themselves, used as they were to the vast structures of the Moors of their day, which still existed in Spain in all their splendor.

On the Zocalo, too, is the Cathedral of Mexico, the third largest church building in the world, which occupied 100 years in building. On this public square the common people believed for a long time that the ghost of the unfortunate Aztec emperor, Montezuma, wandered at night lamenting the loss of empire and the destruction of his people. Even today the humbler folk believe that a tunnel connects the cathedral with the castle of Chapultepec, the presidential residence, three and a half miles away, at the end of the Paseo de la Reforma, one of the finest and noblest public drives in the world.

One of the historic streets of Mexico is Mariscala. This faces the north side of the Alameda, the largest and most fashionable park of the city. It was along this street that the army of Cortez, the great conqueror of Mexico, passed on the "dismal night" when he was driven from the city by the Aztecs. On this street, too, occurred some of the most desperate fighting on that terrible night. There the Spaniards were able to do nothing against the tiger-like ferocity and fanaticism of the Aztecs.

On the opposite side of the Alameda is Avenida Juarez, named after the great Mexican reformer, who had freed the country from the grinding rule of the church. This is a wide, well paved street and on account of its width and its central location is the scene of all the public processions, especially those of a civic character. This street is a continuation of the great public drive, the Paseo de la Reforma.

Many of the streets have very curious names. For instance, there are the Street of the Lost Child, the Street of Peace, the Street of the Arts, that of the Wood Owls, the Deer, Sorrow, the Sad Indian, the Holy Ghost, of Christ, of Jesus, of the Sanctified Virgin, of the Purified Virgin, of Death and the Lane of the Rat. All of these have stories connected with them. Many of the streets have names that sound impious to northern ears. But there is no more thought of impiety in naming them than there is in calling a boy Jesus. The Street of the Holy Ghost was originally the Street of the Church of the Holy Ghost. So on with the other streets bearing sacred names. This curious, incongruous use of sacred names is to be frequently noted in Mexico.

The streets of Mexico commemorate the names of many famous rulers. They also record the names of desperate characters. There is the Street of Don Juan Manuel, who committed murder in defense of his own honor, which he believed his wife had trifled with. Report says that the house where he lived was haunted and for very many years it remained empty because no one dared to live in it.

There is also the Street of the Raven, where it is said there lived an old man who had sold his soul to the devil. Here he lived with a raven which the common people believed was the devil in disguise. One day the old man and the bird disappeared in the course of a terrible thunderstorm, leaving behind them only a few feathers and a suspicious smell of brimstone. So the street was called after the raven because the people did not wish to take the name of the devil in vain.—Modern Mexico.

Special Colonist Tickets.

Daily now until Nov. 30th the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special one-way colonists' tickets Buffalo to California and Pacific coast points at rate of $42.50 and at less rates to points in Utah, Montana and Idaho. Splendid tri-weekly tourist car service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

FOOLED ALL FRANCE.

Impostor Made Paris Believe He Was Ambassador From Persia.

Toward the end of the year 1714 a certain Mehemet Rizabeca, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia, and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles.

He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital with great pomp.

He declined the royal carriages generally used on such occasions and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables, superbly caparisoned and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music.

The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics and preceded by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable.

After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV., he sailed from Sweden and Denmark and was never heard of later.

Rizabeca, according to the "Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV.," was a Portuguese who had never seen the prince he represented nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expenses of his excellency, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day.—Mirror.

A Motto Gone Wrong.

King Francis I. of France, who reigned in the middle of the sixteenth century, dressed himself elaborately for the battle of Pavia, which he expected to win and thereby to become the master of Italy. An old chronicle says: "The king of France in his armor went about from squadron to squadron, and he wore over his mail a surcoat of brocade and brown velvet checker wise, with many F's embroidered thereon in velvet on the brocade and in brocade on the velvet and with cords of gold and brown silk. On his helmet he wore a great yellow and brown plume, the feathers drooping down to the horse's flanks, and from the midst of them rose a brown pennon with a red salamander, having above it a great gilt F and around it the words, 'This time and no more.' This motto he bore because he thought on that day certainly to make himself lord of Italy." However, he lost the battle and was taken prisoner.

Curiosities of Digestion.

An Augusta gentleman states that he once cured a gastric trouble by eating at supper a plentiful supply of cucumbers and cold blackberry dumpling, and yet in his case nothing would have seemed more pernicious.

Proctor, the astronomer, suffered from excruciating headaches. He was satisfied that they came from some error of diet, and so he dropped from his bill of fare one thing after another until he concluded that nothing else was left for experimentation. He had forgotten one article, however. It was butter. He abandoned that and ate everything else and never suffered from headaches again to his dying day. Man is wonderfully made, and so is the stomach. Remedies for dyspepsia are numerous. You may pay your money and take your choice.—Augusta Chronicle.

Tickling the Debtors.

John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Siamese government for $1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said.

"That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet."

The statesmen nodded assent.

When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?"

"By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

Coffee For the Inebriate.

A traveler has made the observation that coffee drinking people are very seldom given to drunkenness. In Brazil, for instance, where coffee is grown extensively and all the inhabitants drink it many times a day, intoxication is rarely seen. The effect is not only noticeable among the natives, but the foreigner who settles there, though possessed of ever such a passion for strong drink, gradually loses his liking for alcohol as he acquires the coffee drinking habit of the Brazilian.

Found a Parallel.

An English country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. He mentioned the fact to his curate and asked advice.

"Well," replied the curate, "of course you must remember what the Bible says. 'If any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also.'"

"I see," mused the vicar. "Well, in this case, as the man takes my potatoes I'd better give him the sack!"

Animals in Alcohol.

M. Grobant, professor of physiology in Paris, in describing the effect of alcohol upon animals says that the successive stages of intoxication through which they pass are gayety, sadness, solemnity and a supreme intoxication which ends in death. Rabbits are very curious when under the influence of liquor, and a drunken kangaroo is brutally aggressive.

Averting the Evil.

Mildred (very superstitious)—Oh, dear, I would never have accepted you, Jack, if I had remembered it was Friday evening!

Jack—There's only one way to avert the evil omen, darling. We must very carefully kiss each other seven times at least every seven minutes during the first seventy minutes of our engagement.

The K. and L. EXPRESS ROBBERY

By W. BERT FOSTER

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One of the most peculiar cases that ever came under my notice, said Captain Spink, was the K. and L. express robbery, which occurred when I was a member of the old steamboat squad. My work consisted mostly in investigating river miracles, and keeping a sharp eye upon that small but exceedingly active fraternity of smugglers who operate in New York harbor.

The K. and L. Express company had an office on Long wharf, at the foot of Jones street, and, doing a foreign business only, as they did, their storage rooms were on the wharf too.

The storage shed was a two story building of brick. The office, which adjoined it, was at the extreme end of the wharf. It was built of wood and corrugated iron.

Craft were passing the end of the wharf all night long. There was a ferry slip near by. Every vessel at the dock had its keeper, and the property of the company itself was watched by an old and trusted watchman. Besides, the gates of the wharf were locked at 6 o'clock in the evening, and if a lighter had left the place it would have been spied by one of the police patrol boats which ply up and down the river all night long.

Yet that shanty was broken into, and out of it was removed a safe weighing a couple of tons and containing money packets and valuables to an amount that made the entire downtown police department wake up with a decided shock.

The K. and L. people were wild, and well they might be. The chief took hold of the matter himself, and I was one of the men selected to go down to the scene of the robbery with him. And I tell you frankly I was sorry to be put on the job, for as soon as I heard the circumstances surrounding this break it looked to me like a blank wall that would be mighty hard either to climb over or dig through.

The first report we got was that the two story office had been blown half to pieces by the force of the charge of dynamite which the robbers had used to try to force the safe. And yet nobody along the water front had heard the explosion!

That was bad enough for a beginning. And when we got to the wharf we learned that, despite the wreck of the building, the burglars had evidently been unable to force the safe and had finally carried it away with them.

The corner of the structure was torn away, and as soon as the chief learned that the safe in question had stood right there where the floor was gaping, and the walls blown out he declared it to be his belief that the force of the charge used to open the safe had blown the iron box clean through the wall and that it was at the bottom of the river. He was so sure of this that he sent over to the Navigation company's offices for a diver to go down and poke about in the mud near the dock.

It was between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning when we had first been informed of the mystery, so the job was not many hours old. The company's watchman was already in custody and was scared blue. It seemed that he had been sitting up daytimes with his sick child for the better part of a week, and he had just keeled over on this night and slept like a log in the storage building was sleeping, in fact, when the longshoremen came to work. He swore the robbery could not have been committed before midnight. He had made his regular rounds until after that hour.

Then I made the discovery by talking to the first clerk who had arrived on the scene that the door of the office building had been locked the same as usual, nor had there been a window unfastened. Therefore, added to the rest of the mystery, was the question, How had the robbers entered the office and mounted to the second floor, where the safe was kept? But the chief was so confident that the safe really had not been stolen, only blown through the wall and had fallen into the water, that he would do nothing until he had heard the report of the diver.

But I looked over the wreck again. The force which had carried the safe away must have been irresistible. Chairs were smashed, one desk was a mass of wreckage. I picked up in a corner a piece of what I supposed to be a part of a picture frame, for one side of the stick was heavily gilded.

"Where's the rest of the picture?" I asked the head clerk, and I showed him the bit of gilded wood.

"Why, there wasn't a picture on the wall," he declared. "I don't know where that came from."

Now, that was a little thing, but it was too odd to be overlooked. I set my mind at work upon that broken piece of wood.

As it was not a picture frame and there had been nothing in the office that was gilded, I could not understand how it got there. As I stood in the wrecked room and looked through the ragged hole in the wall which gave me a clear view of the river my eyes rested upon a big vessel being towed in to her dock.

It was a clear day, and the sun flashed from her brass work and trimmings and glittered upon her massive figurehead. And the sight sent an illuminating ray into the fog of my mind.

The diver had arrived with a truck load of paraphernalia, but I took a trip along the docks, going aboard each vessel in the neighborhood and interviewing as many of the watchmen or sailors who had been in the vicinity during the night as I could find.

I learned several things. First, there had been a heavy fog during the evening and for at least two hours after midnight. Then the wind changed and the sun had risen clearly.

It was quite true that nobody seemed to have heard such an explosion as must have occurred when the safe of the K. and L. company was blown through the office wall. But one watchman on a cattle ship two slips from the express dock had heard a noise between 2 and 3 o'clock which he had not attributed to the mystery of the lost safe, however.

"There no explosion, officer," he told me. "That I'll be willin' to swear to."

"What did it sound like?" I asked.

"Sure, 'twas more like a heap o' timber fallin' down. I thought 'twas in the lumber yard on the next block."

"Was anything going on out in the river at the time?"

"Sure, ivrything was quiet. I'd gone below to light me pipe at the cook's lantern when the noise came to me."

I telephoned the ship news office down on the Battery, and soon I had jotted down the list of the vessels that had gone to sea since 6 o'clock the previous evening. Among them was the Rotterdam of the Bremen and New York line, and, although she should have sailed earlier, I learned by calling up the office of the company that, owing to the fog, she had not started for the Narrows in charge of the tug Charles B. Goodwin until after midnight.

By this time it was midforenoon, and the early editions of the afternoon papers were being cried on the street with elaborate accounts of the robbery of the K. and L. safe. One enterprising sheet had even "faked" a picture of the diver going over the edge of the dock into the river to hunt for the lost safe.

Nevertheless I believed that that bit of gilded wood I carried around with me was the clew to the true explanation, so I called up the towing company that owned the Charles B. Goodwin and discovered where the tug would be likely to land upon her return from her trip outside with the Rotterdam. I was on the wharf when the tug came in.

I went aboard and saw the captain. "Mister," I said, "I've come to hear about it. Have you got the safe?"

"What safe?" asked he, looking wise.

"The one your tow happened to carry away from the K. and L. dock this morning," I said.

Then he laughed and showed me the safe and several bits of broken office furniture, which he had covered with a tarpaulin up forward. And his story was interesting, as I supposed it would be.

When the fog showed promise of lifting and the wind changed the tug had pulled the big steamship clear of her dock and started down stream. But they kept inshore, and just off the K. and L. Express company's dock a ferryboat ran out and got in the way of the Goodwin.

"We had to slack our engines," said the captain of the tug, "and of course the towline dropped. The tide swung the bow of the Rotterdam plumb into the end of the dock.

"By hokey, you should have seen it! Her bowsprit punched a hole in one of the express company's buildings like a spear into a fat hog. We steamed ahead quick, and that yanked the ship's bow out before it did more damage. But the corner of the shanty came with it, and I reckon a good deal of what was in the office clattered down on the old Rotterdam's fo'rard deck. The Bremen and New York line will have to pay a nice little sum for damages, I suppose. But it wasn't our fault.

"When we got down the harbor the captain of the Rotterdam told me that along with the other wreckage which had fallen on his deck was the safe yonder, and I took it aboard before I left her outside.

"Thought they'd been burglarized, did they? Well, I reckon it was about as queer a case of piracy as ever happened along this river front."

And he certainly was right. A queerer thing never happened under my notice, nor did I ever evolve a theory from a more unpromising clew than from that bit of gilded wood which, as I suspected, had been broken off the figurehead of the outgoing vessel.

Not Honor Men.

One of the characters of the old navy was Captain Percival, familiarly called "Mad Jack," whose waggish and irascible sayings amused his contemporaries. At one time the son of one of his old friends was appointed a midshipman.

As there was no Naval academy in those days at Annapolis, the lad was drafted to Captain Percival's ship.

The father wrote at once to his friend to announce the fact that his son was on shipboard, and after the usual parental recommendations to mercy he closed the letter with:

"My son has entered upon a profession where he will go down to his grave wept, honored and sung or unwept, unhonored and unsung."

The young midshipman had not been on board long before he aroused the wrath of his commander, who at once sat down and wrote to the lad's father:

"My Dear Sir—Your son is going to the grave unwept, unhonored and unsung."

At another time, when Captain Percival was a member of the board for the examination of candidates for midshipmen's warrants, a son of another friend came before the board. After the examination Percival, wishing to announce the result to the boy's father, wrote, with delightful implication:

"Dear Old Messmate—Your boy has passed. Do you recollect our taking the Columbus out of dock? She just grazed.

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Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
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Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Cirrier, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to F. D. Gallup, Attorney.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
Administrators.
Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
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